Sickness Serenade - The Darkness That Bonds Us

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Sickness Serenade - The Darkness That Bonds Us

by Mishiees

Summary

Part 2 of 'Misunderstanding Midnight'

Hannibal Lecter is the Chesapeake Ripper and seemingly intent on destroying Will Graham's life. Having shared a heat together, Hannibal had framed Will for the Copycat murders that were plaguing Baltimore.

The thing is, Hannibal is still very much in love with the Omega. Despite getting him locked away in BSHCI, the plan is to win over his lost lamb's heart.

If you think the Alpha was jealous about having to share before, imagine a scheming and betrayed Will sat in a cell all by himself, with nothing to do but plot revenge. Who said Omegas were weak?

Notes

This story is a continuation from 'Misunderstanding Midnight' it is recommended that you read that fic first.

ʃつ◕_◕ʅつ Bon Appétit.

Update : Hey y'all, the entire warning for this fic is it's heavy leaning into dub-con content. Due to the nature of the predicament Will finds himself in, it's a warning to heed, as he interacts with other characters and makes decisions. Although everything explicit/sexual is consensual there are themes of gaslighting, manipulation (etc). I feel it is in keeping with the show, but that makes it no less problematic/unhealthy and potentially triggering.

If you would like to skip the explicit sex scenes in this fic, please miss out : Chapters 1 + 13
If you would like to skip the murder scenes in this fic, please miss out : Chapters 1 +23
If you would like to skip the descriptions of a panic attack in this fic, please miss out :

Chapters 10+11
If you would like to skip mentions of torture (waterboarding) in this fic, please miss out : Chapters 20+21

Hopefully the fic makes sense without them, but by all means ask me to clarify anything in the comments!

Start With A Sweet Svajonė

Chapter Notes

Guess Who's Back - Back Again...

This chapter does contain some pretty graphic imagery. If you would like to skip it and come back when there is a new chapter update then please do. It will hopefully make sense without it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hands clawing fervently across skin, leaving painful red welts tracings after moving hands, littered the bare chest of Hannibal Lecter and William Graham.

It was ripping them apart. Piece by piece.

Answering moans with each injury inflicted upon one another, heating the small space between them with their breath as messing kisses where placed against each other's mouths.

They were demanding and claiming. Each man battling for dominance of the exchange, but neither yielding.

Past the hazy fog of satisfaction, red eyes watching wistfully.

Appreciatively.

Proudly.

Causing more of a pressing heat to swell and ignite within the Omega's tense body. The feelings of growing frustration the unsatisfying sexual exchange was causing a slight ebbing into more dark desires.

Will bucked his hips back, adding friction to the exchange. Cursing that their bottom half's remained clothed. The Alpha and Omega ultimately using the other to try and fulfil their own wants, but to no avail.

No matter how freely hands roamed, mouths twirling tongues and bodies rolling back and further against each other there was something missing from this exchange.

Strong hands curled around the pale expanse of the other's neck. Starving lungs of oxygen, and slowly willing the light to fade.

Except the light wasn't going anywhere.

If anything the action was forcing it to burn brighter. A flame threatening to burn out of control and take everything with it.

There was still the rhythmic movement, Will rubbed back against Hannibal's clothed erection, and the Alpha pushing up to meet him with lazy thrusts.

Not at all phased by the way Will was choking him.

Will was tore between seeking out touch for the steadily growing slick trickling down the cleft of his arse, and finishing the job and taking the life of the man he had pinned beneath him.

Smiling beneath him.

Will let his hands uncoil, in frustration. Choking him wasn't enough. He needed more to satisfy the deep urge within him.

The eyes that met him knew this. *Accepted this.* Didn't struggle of fight against the inevitable, only reviled in the sensations of the Omega, slowly growing wetter, pushing back wantonly against his erection, while murderous intent and frustration danced across Will's features.

"I hate you." Will breathed, rocking back and forth, painfully aroused, hands pushing down hard against Hannibal's chest, keeping him pinned to the ground as he pushed himself closer and closer to a frenzy.

Fingers ensnared Will's wrist, pulling one hand free of the chest, but not in an escape attempt. Instead the lifted the limb, and pressed the handle of a blade into the open palm.

Will watched as his own hand, guided by Hannibal's, was slowly lowered back down to the chest.

"You are so perfect, mielasis." The Alpha cooed encouragingly. "My love."

"Shut up." The Omega growled, enjoying the sight of the blade resting above the bare flesh, tip pressing lightly into the pink expanse, Hannibal's wrist still holding him secure.

But then it started slipping in.

Metal disappearing, ever so slowly. Knife sliding down into the other's chest, blood bubbling up and spilling free from the freshly split wound.

It rolled out of the older man, splashing into the floor and creating a puddle of crimson ooze.

It wasn't Will's hand doing it.

It was Hannibal's.

Guiding him in with a steady confidence that came from years of expertly created masterpieces.

All Will was doing was holding the knife handle, pressing his weight forward, as his knees soaked in the other's blood, pushing the blade further and further into the man that was still whispering sweet nothings.

And then it was just him. No hand guiding him. No-one else to blame but himself. Completely in control of the fate of his victim.

The feeling was liberating.

Just him hovering over Hannibal, as he ripped the other's chest open, pulling the knife down in what really shouldn't have been an erotic display, but was making him want more.

Desire and darkness swirling around as he removed the object, dragging fingers across the blood before bringing it to his lips.

Hannibal was amused, watching the display with a darkening gaze, as he reached down and plucked his own heart from his chest holding it up to Will.

The Omega leaned forward, looking at the offered gift with curiosity as it beat within Hannibal's hands.

He bit into it.

Pearly white teeth sinking into the organ, blood drooling down his chin as he savoured the taste in his mouth. Swallowing down, with a soft moan that had him pushing his head back and closing his eyes.

When he glanced back the Alpha beneath him had disappeared, leaving the Omega sat kneeling on a cold and damp, blood stained floor. Blinking, trying to clear away his vision he tightened his clasp around the heart that was now half eaten within his own shaking digits.

Someone came to stand behind him. Will looked up, pale blue eyes meeting Hannibal's as the Alpha delicately stroked to fingers down Will's jaw. "Are you hungry for it?" came the content, gravely growl.

"Power?" He dropped the heart to the floor, moving to get to unsteady feet.

"Freedom." Hannibal helped guide him up, taking Will's weight as arms looped around his hips and chest, caging the Omega in against his body in a vice like grip.

"I'm never going to be free of you." A nose was now running down the side of his neck, a hot breath making the hairs prickle and body want to squirm with a sensitive and enchanting joy. *More.* The Omega tilted his head, submissive and inviting as he leaned his weight into Hannibal.

"I am going to consume you wholly." Teeth were sinking into his neck, bonding him to the monster behind, whose copper blood still flooded his taste buds.

Will raised bloody hands to stare at them. "Like you consumed them." He whispered silently, drawing realisation threatening to shake him from his own mind. T

he slowly fraction mirror stopped reflecting back and image of himself held in Hannibal's ~~grasp~~ loving embrace. The splintering glass falling to the floor and shattering around them in a crescendo of chaos.

The final dangling shard breaking loose when Hannibal, teeth still cementing their bond, marking Will's neck as his, mouthed ***"Mine."***

It smashing upon the ground, loudly, as Will returned the possessive tone with ***"Yours."***

Waking with a start, Will pushed himself up from the metal cot so he was sitting with his legs over the side, head in his hands, panting and sweating from the vivid dream he had found himself trapped in.

"My name is William Graham, I'm in Baltimore State Hospital For The Criminally Insane, Maryland…" There was a pause in the mantra as he thought about what his nightmare had meant, ignoring all the insights into the person he was becoming and instead muttering "… and the Chesapeake Ripper is eating people."

Chapter End Notes

Y'all didn't think I'd kill of Hanni straight away, did ya? (Not without an archive warning, at least, aha.)

So there we go, a little dream sequence that was hella fun to write and hopefully revealed a whole bunch about where Will's mind it at.

Deals At Daybreak

Chapter Notes

Will is really done with all the Alphas in his life.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Try as he might to drift back off to a peaceful slumber Will couldn't prevent the images of Hannibal Lecter dancing across his mind and luring him into the darkness with the promise of deadly passions being unleashed.

It had been three weeks since his incarceration and bitter revenge had bubbled within him, a black bile flooding through his ever fibre, warping any sense of light he had left.

With little else to occupy his mind the Omega had spent his time stitching together all of the evidence locked in his mind, to better understand the Ripper.

All the little pieces of the puzzle fell into place now the killer wasn't hiding in place sight. He knew the monster behind the mask, and each time he closed his eyes Will imagined what it would feel like to drain the life from the other's body.

Footsteps echoed up the concrete hallway, drawing a groan from Will as he flopped over onto his stomach and buried his head into the pillow.

He really didn't have the energy for this, this morning.

"William." Came the sneer from Chilton, voice cracking through the early morning silence of the cell block, alerting the other ~~prisoners~~ patients in his vicinity that he had a guest. "I trust you're feeling settled here in your new home."

Pretending to be asleep didn't seem to be dissuading Frederick. The pitiful Alpha had clearly found a favourite new play thing, with the cherry on top being it came with the potential to one up his esteemed colleagues.

Will was just going to have to endure this attention until he got bored.

No, actually. He didn't have to endure anything. Will was getting exceptionally tired of Alphas thinking they had any right to his body or mind.

Springing up from the bed in a flurry of movement, crossing to move closer to the glass divide, an unwelcoming grimace etched it's way across Will's lips. "Morning." Came the low warning. This dramatic display having the desired effect and causing Chilton to take a step stumbling backwards. "Careful, Migs is behind you. Don't want to wake him up, do we? Not when he's yet to take care of his morning wood."

Clearly ruffled Fredrick straightened his poorly tailored jacket lapels, eyeing Will, trying to unwrap him like he was a gift, and stepping back.

Even closer this time.

The Omega leaned in. Inches away from being pressed to the glass.

Two could play at biological war fair, and nothing set people on edge more than someone displaying the opposite traits desired.

Meeting the challenge by tying to engage in conversation was sort of a disappointed. Will itched for the release of a fight. “You’ve had another delivery.”

“And you felt the need to come and tell me about it? In person? Or are you simply hoping to see the fireworks when you mention *his* name?”

“Hannibal’s?”

Will paused, trying to keep the grimace from his face, as the other man watched him intently. “I wasn’t aware you were on first name terms.”

“Me and Dr. Lecter have been friendly for a considerable time.”

Scoffing, Will began stretching away the tight coil in his muscles from being pressed against a metal cot all night. Hoping the display would also single how bored he was of this conversation.

It didn’t escape his attention how the intrigue in Chilton’s face switched into one of hunger, as he pulled arms above his head, causing his white shirt to ride up and reveal alabaster soft skin.

“Given how you called him Dr. Lecter to recover your slight faux par, just now, we both know friendly isn’t what is keeping you at his table.” Before Frederick could snap back at that quip and inform Will of all the delightfully unethical therapies he was going to be subjected to now, the Omega continued. “Worried I’ll call him and tell him just how cruel you’re being to me?” The wobble of his pink bottom lip, protruding in a pout, accompanied with big doe eyes was enough to melt anyone’s resolve, and it was certainly working on Chilton. “You’ve been confiscating the packages?”

That snapped the Alpha from his unsavoury thoughts, a slight shake of the head bringing him back to focus. “Of course. Would you like to know what is in them?”

“Food, I presume.”

“Rather traditional as courting gifts go. Though by all accounts you had done quite an unforgivable job of twisting him into being the exact Alpha you wanted.”

“If that were something I was capable of I wouldn’t be here. I’m not a witch.”

“You are enchanting.”

The statement made Will's skin crawl. He wanted to peel off each layer of flesh and stand under running water until the words had been washed away forever. "Have you been eating the content?"

"You're worried it will be poisoned?"

"I doubt he'd spoil the meat." Will muttered to himself, before deciding to play nice. "I've behaved for the past three weeks, haven't I?"

"Other than attacking several of my guards when we first placed you in your cell? You've been more amenable than first anticipated."

"So, would you do something for me? And I'll do something for you."

"Which would be?"

Resitting the temptation to comment on how Chilton probably shouldn't be making deals with his patients, Will went in for the kill. "I'll come to group therapy."

A few moments of consideration soon had the Alpha nodding, like that was the real offer he'd been hoping for. "Tell me what you want."

Was it really necessary to make every request sound like an order? "I need you to call Beverly Katz. I want to see her." For good measure he added "Please." Which seemed to appease the Alpha, enough.

Chilton's tongue licking across his own sweaty upper lip. "Therapy first. If you're a good boy I'll see what I can do."

Not wanting to entertain that any longer Will stalked back to his bed shouting over his shoulder "Morning Migs."

Just as a gasp of disgust and shock came from Chilton. "Not my shoes! Guards!"

Chapter End Notes

In which Migs totally had a sneak wank so he could cum on Chilton's shoes.

See No Risks

Chapter Notes

> I planned out the chapters for this entire fic, and I'm super excited for what's happening next.
>
> It may shift a bit as people in the comments really help me think about stuff I hadn't considered (Thank you all for that!) but it's plotted. o(^◇^)o

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will listened as the halls echoed with the scuffling feet and angry snarls as Alpha inmates were masked and dragged unceremoniously from their cells by rough handed guards, eager to take their frustration out on the monsters held under lock and key in Baltimore state hospital.

It was part of the weekly routine. Each Tuesday and Thursday Chilton would have the prisoners deemed persuadable to therapeutic intervention, subjected to the cruelty and pageantry.

Riling them up before he began prodding at the most sensitive area of their psyche.

Will had only been subjected to group therapy once. This was because the ex-profiler had sat with a wide smile on his face and seamlessly undressed Chilton’s line of questioning, turning it back on the room, almost instigating a riot.

It had also meant Frederick wasn’t having him back in the group until he promised to behave.

Of course, this came with the punishment of reduced freedoms. He’d not had a decent meal or a warm shower his entire stay.

Will was too stubborn to subject himself to Chilton’s stupidity just for the chance of some flavour.

Especially when he had seemingly formed an unlikely alliance with one of the guards.

Matthew Brown was in awe of Will. The kind of attention and admiration that made Will uncomfortable. Being treated like a delicate damsel in distress wasn’t something Will enjoyed, but not retaliating to the imposition meant he was occasionally smuggled treats and extra blankets by the guard.

“Moring Graham.” Matthew sang cheerily, with a toothy smile at the Omega, voice vibrating off the stone walls.

“Matthew.” Will returned, raising from his bed to go and assume the position against the wall; back turned and flats of his palms flush to the cell wall so the guard could enter.

“So you’ve volunteered for therapy?” Door sliding open the Alpha stepped into Will’s space.

They only ever sent one guard in.

Despite being remanded as a suspected serial killer, it would appear being an Omega still didn’t rank him as a threat.

Or perhaps it was just an insult to their delicate egos to treat him with the appropriate precautions.

“Exchanged.” Will’s arms were brought behind his back and handcuffs placed loosely around his wrist. The Alpha standing for just a little bit too long in his personal space, before stepping back and tugging Will with him.

“You’re exceptionally intelligent.” There was always this purr to Brown’s voice, whenever he spoke with Will. It wasn’t unpleasant to hear. Or maybe that was just his sexual frustration from the vivid dreams of Hannibal...

“Not enough to be walking free.”

“That was your Alpha’s fault.”

Will paused his walking, causing the other to turn around, just over the threshold of the cell to watch the Omega curiously. He knew exactly what he’d said, and it was to bait Will into this exact reaction.

“I don’t have one.”

Satisfied by the answer they resumed walking, Matthew leading Will down the corridor, the pair walking in near step with each other as if this was nothing more than a pleasant stroll.

Every door was help open for him as they made there way through the hospital.

It wasn’t the kind of traditional behaviour that Hannibal Lecter so often displayed. The Chesapeake Ripper was a primal force fuelled by blood and destruction. Someone seeking an equal that understood. No time to entertain the prospect of a subservient and pitiful mate at his side.

Matthew just had traditional expectations around the dynamic of an Omega and Alpha. He wanted a snivelling wreck, which lost themselves in heat, begged to be bonded and bred, so he could protect and care for the fragile thing in his arms.

He saw himself as better than anyone else, simply because of his secondary gender.

A dangerous sense of entitlement.

The kindness he extended to Will wasn't unconditional. It came with the expectation of payment, somewhere along the line.

Nice guys only remained *nice* for so long.

The pair eventually moved into the group therapy room, with all the other detained inmates, being chained into individual cages by two guards. Masks only being removed once sat inside.

Will was ushered into his of individual seat, the cuffs remaining lose around his wrists as he was clipped into place.

"I'll come and collect you afterwards."

"Thank you." He said shortly, moving to push his glasses up his face, only to have his hands swatted away and Mathew doing it on his behalf.

He bit back the growl raising in his throat. Matthew didn't seem like someone who handled rejection well.

It was clearly some kind of unspoken warning to the others in the room that the Alpha would have no qualms about making anyone who upset Will very uncomfortable.

Will didn't need protection.

They needed protection from him.

Chapter End Notes

White Knight/Nice Guy Mathew Brown has entered the chat...

I know I'm doing a lot of scene setting in these last few chapters, I felt like I just needed to pad out some foundations before launching into chaos.

The Bitter Taste Of Victory

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

There was a familiarity in isolation but Hannibal could no longer see in a positive light. Since the departure of Will Graham from his immediate circle there was only a gentle yearning, growing more demanding by the day.

He missed the Omega.

His Omega.

An emotion the psychopath hadn't quite anticipated feeling to such a degree.

He had hoped with William removed from his life that the ghost in his mind would soon fade into the obsolete.

If anything it was only getting more demanding of his time.

Beckoning his attention with every action.

Often when listening to the insipid complaints of his patients his thoughts would drift to how perfect Will looked pinned against the woodland floor. Dark curls falling into a perfect frame of his pale skin. Legs knotting around Hannibal's middle, pulling the doctor in. The sweaty sheen of his body, tastefully pearling the slight flush of pink across his cheeks and chest as their bodies shifted together in the bleak night. Only flesh and flourish joining the soft lull of the midnight chorus.

How sweet the sound of Hannibal's own name fell from between lips.

How unmark neck stretched in a primal plea for claiming.

Furious blue eyes burning with vengeance as Will was dragged from their nest post-heat.

"Hannibal." Alana prompted, the Alpha looking from where his fork lay forgotten at the side of his meal to the Beta woman.

"Apologies, I have finding my mind rather distracted lately." He was thankful for her presentation, sure his scent would be betraying him.

A sympathetic look fell onto her face, as a hand lent across the space, resting the delicate digits across Hannibal's own hand. Alana applied a light pressure, for reassurance. "You have my ear, as your friend."

"I fear the temptation to apply your expertise to my situation will be exceedingly difficult to resist."

“So you consider yourself traumatised?”

Hannibal smiled as he went back to enjoying his meal. Finishing off the last few mouthfuls. Unsatisfied with the way he filled him. Even the most exquisite banquet failing to invigorate.

Rather than correcting herself, Alana pressed the issue further. “Will didn’t mean to hurt you. I don’t think it is within his nature.”

“We often want to believe the best of our friends. Even to the point of excusing the reality staring us in the face.” Hannibal offered, peeling away his person suit, ever so slightly, just to test if Alana could be considered a candidate, to fill the void in his life that Will had created.

Not an adequate one, it would seem. “You didn’t excuse him. You offered him help.”

Sighing more at the tedium of his company Hannibal brought wine to his lips, swirling across his tongue before answering. “I wonder if there was more I could have done.”

Again, sympathy washed across the beta’s features. As well as envy. Interesting. Certainly something to follow up at a later date, Hannibal noted. “Are you still sending the care packages?”

“Confiscated by Dr. Chilton, is my understanding.”

Alana hummed, pondering a solution as she finished her meal. Setting down her knife and fork she leaned closer to Hannibal again, this time her breasts caressing the table top in the flattering blouse selected for the evening. “As your friend, I would say do whatever you needed to bring yourself peace.” She raised her glass of beer, Hannibal brining his own up to cheers the statement.

“Baklava?”

“How could I possibly refuse?”

Gathering the plates he left the room, to move into his kitchen.

Perhaps it was time to have Frederick for dinner, and convince him to review his treatment plan for *his Omega*.

Chapter End Notes

> Hannibal - he's just not that into you - Lecter : Poor Alana... But also don't be trying to steal Will's man.

With A Bow, I see

Chapter Notes

> Beverly Katz is back. The lady who started all this off by getting Will to text Hannibal resulting in the 'one night stand'.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The buzzing gate followed by two sets of footprints came to a halt outside of Will's cell. The Omega didn't bother to look up from staring at the wall, as he lay curled in his cot.

"Visitor, Graham." Matthew's voice broke through the silence of the cell block.

Upon finding out the Alpha had swapped shifts, specifically to accompany Will to the shower the Omega had decided against attending to his personal hygiene. He'd have to be more sporadic with his planning. Clearly his routine was becoming memorable.

He soon regretted the choice not to just go balls naked in front of prying eyes when Beverly Katz voice called through the glass to him. "You look rough."

The first genuine smile in weeks graced his lips, and he rolled from the bed to see his friend.

To her credit, Beverly gave nothing away about any change to her feelings for Will.

As his feet brought him to stand opposite her, he looked to Matthew's expectedly. "Is this visit supervised?" Knowing the Alpha had some already frayed nerves from not being able to escort Will to the shower block, he was sure this open snub would come back to haunt him.

Probably later when Brown would make him apologies before handing over the dinner tray.

Between the new behavioural conditioning Mathews seemed to be attempting, painfully transparently, the way Chilton had him doing every single test possible like some lab rat with the potential of a career advancing thesis at the end and a rump to ogle until then, the fact Migs kept a running commentary of exactly what all these Alphas had in mind for him, and every other Alpha he had the misfortune of being in contact with was disrespectful, Will's patients was running thin.

"I'll leave you two Omegas to your gossiping." Brown leered, with an unspoken promise to Will that yes, he would indeed be apologises for this later.

Beverly waited until Matthews had exited from the other end of the corridor before speaking. "What a sexist pig."

“Tell me about it.” Will was warm and grateful for the friendly face. “Would you like to skip the small talk?”

“I knew there was a reason I liked you. What do you want me for, Will?”

That stung. He tried to ignore the use of past tense and instead pressed forward. “It’s about the Chesapeake Ripper.”

“About to confess?”

“I’m not a killer, Beverly.”

“I was at your place when we found the body, Will.”

“You weren’t the only one.” The Omega muttered spitefully. Stuffing his hands into the pocket of his blue jumpsuit Will just shrugged. Socialising suddenly feels uncomfortable. Like he’s on the back foot, and it’s never felt that way with Beverly before. She was one of the few people he didn’t have to tolerate. He enjoyed her company. “It’s good to see you.” And that was the truth. He missed having something that anchored him to a reality outside of Hannibal Lecter.

“Don't know how I feel about seeing you. I'll let you know when I do.” But she was at least smiling with this statement, which gave Will the hope that he could go on.

“I need you to do something for me.”

“There are things you don't have. I can talk to the chief of staff.”

Will snorted a laugh. “Talking of pigs.”

“He's being very cooperative.”

“Of course he is. He loves when I have visitors, it means I’m going to behave in therapy. I owe him. Which means he’s going to tell every person the inner working of my head, all while checking out my arse. He's gossipy and gross that way.”

“I realise you don’t get an awful lot of company anymore, Will, but this is the chattiest you’ve been in our entire relationship. So would you just tell me what you want.”

“I want you to ignore all the evidence against me.”

Beverly laughed this time. “You know I can’t do that.” There was a pause between them, Will catching her eye in a silent exchange. “Say I were to ignore the evidence against you, what then?”

Will smiled, happy she was at least entertaining this conversation. “You’re an Omega.”

“Wow, time in here has made you sharp as a tack. I should tell Jack, see what strings he can pull to have you consulting again.”

“Then Jack will know you came to visit.”

“Good point. Yes, I’m an Omega. Go on.”

“Ever been violently inclined in your heat?” Beverly shook her head, still trying to work out where Will was going with this. “What about an Alpha? Ever seen one of those lose control?”

“Most of the BSU’s cases are Alpha’s losing control.”

“So what do you get if you cross the Chesapeake Ripper with an Alpha?”

It took a second for Beverly to process that. “You should be focused on your recovery, Will.” But her tone wash hushed, and she’s stepped a little way over the visitors line, drawing in closer. Unable to resist.

“I’ve had time to think about the case.”

Line be damned. Beverly was now stood as close to the divide as possible.

“He’s eating them.”

“The surgical trophies?”

A curt nod before the microphone blared above there head a crackling voice demanding that Beverly took a step back to the area that was safe.

“You’re a great profiler, Bev.” Will said. “But I can’t tell you who it is. You need to see that for yourself.”

“Even if you’re right. It would be impossible to know where to start. The MO is all over the place. He’s an intelligent psychopath.“ Came the whispered voice of the other Omega.

“Stop trying to work out his head, and instead aim at his heart.”

“He has a heart now?”

Will had to laugh at that. “Debatable. He certainly thinks he’s capable of love… in his own selfish and complete insane way.”

Beverly was shaking her head at that. “You’ve lost me.”

“All the evidence that landed me here was gift wrapped.”

“Just like Cassie Boyle?”

“One killer. Two masks. Same monster beneath.”

“Will.”

“I’m just asking you to think about it. Find the evidence. Follow your gut.”

A warm smiled graced her face, it was bright and knowing, just as the buzzer rang to signal the ended of the allotted hour long visit. “I’ve made up my mind, I missed you.”

“Don’t be sappy, Bev.” Will shared in the warmth coming off of his friend. “People will think we like each other.”

“Now what kind of trouble would that land me in?” Bev said, before turning to leave Will stood alone in his cell once more.

Chapter End Notes

-Hyperventilates- Oh No, Beverly is back.

The Banality Of Behaviour

Chapter Notes

> This could be considered a little dub-con? There is certainly an abuse of power going on, but Will is perfectly in control and using him for an advantage.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

When movements of the guard on evening checks paused outside his cell, Will looked up from where he was sulking. “What are you still doing here?”

Matthew leaned nonchalantly against his the wall, eyeing the Omega with a cool regard, that only the tight fist coiling at his side betrayed. “It’s nice to see you too, Graham.”

Will’s smile was sickly sweet. He was hungry and bored, his manners were not improved by either situation. “Little late for dinner. Or are we here for a midnight snack?” He let his eyes glide across the other man, adding clear meaning to his words.

Despite the fit of the uniform Matthew looked like he took good care of himself. Will had been locked away just long enough for the need for touch from another was never far from mind.

“Thought you might be hungry.” Clearly the Alpha was going to ignore this behaviour in favour of proving a point.

“I hear the kitchen ran out of food.”

“An utter shame that they can’t *provide* for you like they should.”

“And you can?” In many ways Will felt sorry for Matthew, he spent his days playing with bigger and better monsters than this. The transparency of the Alpha was almost too easy to manipulate.

The question landed exactly as planned. “Come here, Will.”

Acting the part Will’s eyes were downcast as he shuffled forward, seemingly reluctant to approach the big bad Alpha.

Internally the Omega was having to stifle a laugh.

“Oh, don’t look so afraid, Omega.” Was followed by a soothing purr, but a tight lip smiled still remained.

“You’re angry with me.”

“You’re being petulant.” Will? No. Never. “I understand why.”

That piqued his curiosity “You do?”

“Your other Alpha didn’t know how to keep you in place”

Other than the fact his Alpha was currently keeping him locked up in BSHCI for whatever reason the twisted psychopath deemed framing him for multiple murders necessary, that statement was wildly untrue.

No, wait, not his Alpha. Will corrected that line of thought, brows knitting together as he delicately picked his way around the truth. “He wasn’t a good alpha.”

This seemed to spur Matthew on, as he moved his position leaning against the wall, to move in closer and scent Will. “Couldn’t look after you.”

“Didn’t want to look after me.” Didn’t want me. I was just something he used to entertain himself. These thoughts drifted through the Omega’s mind as he spoke. Will should really take some time to examine them closer. It seemed the root of his anger was stemming from betrayal and in part rejection. Two emotions twisting around each other until they were almost unrecognisable.

“If you were mine, I would treasure you and treat you right.”

“But I’m in here.”

“For now.”

That was certainly an interesting promise. “You’d free me?” Will asked, as he pushed himself forward, now within touching distance.

“Anything for you.” Taking the bait Matthew placed on hand through the gap, fingers coming out to caress down Will’s cheek.

A plan formed in Will’s mind. “I’m sorry about earlier.”

“The visitor? You were just showing off in front of your friend.”

“The… shower.”

Matthews eyes widened and he dragged a tongue across his lower lip, hungrily. Hands now carding though Will’s curls. Petting him. “What about it?”

“I didn’t want you to see me like that.”

“Why not?”

“What if you don’t like me anymore?”

“You’re perfect, your body is phenomenal, as delicate as your scent and perfect for the taking. I would bring you endless pleasure.”

“What else would you do?” Unsure if this was part of his act or simply the isolation Will found himself looking forward to the answer, a steadily growing erection straining against the confines of his clothes.

“Once I’d made love to you, I’d place you on your knees and use your pretty lips and warm mouth to do exactly as I pleased. You’d happily take it. Omegas do have an oral fixation, after all. Nothing gets you off more than pleasing your Alpha and having something to suck.”

As a finger was pushed against his bottom lip Will resisted the urge to bite down and take the offending digit with him, for a midnight snack. Something those painfully sexist and ill-informed comments deserved, and instead just brought it into his mouth, sucking and hollowing his cheeks while his tongue swirled around.

With a wet pop he pulled off to speak, the thick scent of arousal hanging in the air between them. “And if I was bad?”

“I’d take you over my knee.”

The familiar feeling of a droplet of slick trickled down the Omega’s inner thigh as he wiggled in place.

Then a dark smile met his eyes and he was denied the promise. “But not tonight.”

Given how a little bit of dirty talk had made him wet, Will wasn’t surprised by the growl that left his throat in response. He was sexually frustrated and now being denied an outlet.
“Why?”

“Chilton’s visiting you early tomorrow morning. Not enough time to get you seen to and showered before he arrives.” Seen to? So much for making love. “Can’t afford to lose my job looking after you.”

Huffing out Will crossed his arms over his chest, taking a step away from Matthew. “Fine. Any dinner?

Out of a pocket a chocolate bar was pulled, and held up to like a trophy. The Omega held his hand out, so the other man could pass it through, but it seemed like the Alpha was in no hurry to move.

Ah, yes. Their transactional relationship. “For a kiss.”

Will was having to put a lot of restraint into not attacking the other. There were many opportunities to get his revenge for this. He could kill him before anyone else was even half way up the corridor… But Will needed him alive for the moment, so pushed the simmering rage down in favour of doing as the other wanted.

He moved to press a quick kiss to the man’s lips, as he did, grabbing the chocolate, and retreating back to his bed. The uncomfortable feeling of fresh slick drying as he unwrapped

the bar, chewing on it without thanks.

Matthew was about to condemn the behaviour but was interrupted by the Migs “I’ll give you more than a kiss, if you’ve got something for me, pretty boy.”

The soundtrack to accompany his night was something most men would find haunting, but Will’s mind wondered what Chilton would be visiting him for tomorrow.

Chapter End Notes

Ah, so Multiple Migs is all about Alpha's in this fic, because I doubt he’d get in much trouble for harassing Omegas. Society doesn’t seem to hold them in much high regard. Plus Will already has enough on his plate.

Also, Will is bored, vengeful and just a bit horny. So about time for a bit 'mistake', hm?

A Way To Reunite

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will pushed some slop, that he assumed was supposed to resemble porridge, around his tray. He often refused breakfast. He didn't trust that Chilton wouldn't add a sedative, or another type of medication to the food.

Especially when planning to ambush one of his top profile guests early in the morning.

Thankfully Will had already been made aware of his visit, so he was prepared for whatever his keeper had to say. It was most likely something about his recent comments in group therapy.

The Alpha had a desire to correct Will's behaviour, which was amusing because far better than him had tried and failed.

Will had no qualms about holding back his contempt for the process, and knowing all the tricks meant he was able to follow psychosocial treatment to the letter, if not the spirt.

Upon hearing the unmistakable tap of expensive leather shoes, with a new heel cobbled on, Will rose to his feet, abandoning the tray of food, in favour of taking his place at the divide to welcome in the Alpha, knowing Will having knowledge of this meeting would get under Chilton's skin.

The man was visibly ruffled when he saw the Omega stood waiting for him, with a smirk upon his face. "Frederick." Will greeted in a low purr, which only had the Alpha further shifting uncomfortably on the spot.

Interesting, his previous reaction to flirting hadn't been nervousness? What on earth could have convinced him that playing with Will Graham was a bad idea?

Ah.

"How is Doctor Lecter?"

"It really is impressive how your mind manages to make such jumps."

"You're not denying it." Will said, anger boiling up within him. "It's highly unethical to discuss my treatment with anyone else."

"I assure you, I didn't overstep any professional boundaries when dining with Hannibal."

"I hope the meat was fresh." The Omega mumbled, defensively, arms crossing over his chest at the mention of the name. Why was the Ripper not done torturing him yet? Surely it couldn't be any fun to watch him suffer through second hand accounts and Chilton's inaccurate musings.

Frederik tapped against the glass, to draw Will's attention back to him. "He was extremely concerned about your welfare."

"I'd believe that if psychopaths were capable of remorse."

Chilton raised an eyebrow at this, clearly wanting to push the matter further but burdened by the idea that he may not have seen what Will Graham could. "You're projecting."

Will laughed. "Is that your working diagnosis?"

"I'm not here to discuss your time with me, Will."

"We're only in a hospital, why would my care be the most pressing issue here?" He got the feeling that he'd just sassed himself out of a warm shower for a few weeks.

Looking at his watch, to hide the anger about the comment, Chilton adjusted both off his shirt cuffs before feeling able to speak once again. "I think it would be beneficial for some exposure."

Something like panic raised in Will's throat, making to hard to force the word out. "No."

"Compassion is something lacking in your life. I think that allowing an Alpha… " He paused "Allowing Doctor Lecter to show you that will be a good way of activating your biological responses. You have clearly been repressing them too long, hence the incident that lead you here. And I am aware of your past relationship with him." The disgusting smile that was across Chilton's face made Will think Hannibal had manipulated the other psychiatrist flawlessly, throwing out little titbits of their sex life to enthral.

Will didn't know how to answer. He wanted to kick and scream but knew that would be seen as a petulant display. Clearly when he demonstrated any emotion it was because he struggled to regulate. When he schooled himself into giving no reaction it was because he was a murderous killer with no attachment to anything human. Will couldn't win.

It was that reality that had him bowing his head in resignation.

Pleased with the result, thinking his ***original*** idea to allow Hannibal access was exactly the way he would revel in the mystery of the Omegas psyche, Chilton continued. "As of this afternoon, you will begin receiving care packages, once a week, which you will be required to open in front of me."

Hoping to avoid that humiliating experience Will looked up to meet the other's eye. "So, you don't trust Doctor Lecter?"

"That isn't why an observation is necessary. I don't trust you."

"I wonder if that is how he will see it when I tell him. Such a shame to lose your place at his table, because you've upset ***his Omega***." Will wanted to claw the words out of the space between the two men and push them back down inside.

It did at least give him the result he wanted, a nervous Chilton considering the implications of pissing off Will, when he had so freely allowed Hannibal access. The damage to his professional integrity alone, combined with the damage Hannibal could do to his social standing was too much to gamble. “Very well. I will have a guard bring it to your cell.”

Will noted how easily Chilton could be cajoled with a threat. Just because his ego didn’t allow him to view Will as something to worry about, the man at least had the self-preservation to acknowledge Hannibal for the power he had. Even if he couldn’t see the monster behind the mask. “I’ll be sure to let Hannibal know of what wonderful treatment I’ve been receiving. I’m sure he’ll want to collaborate with you on the paper.” It was a bitter and cutting tone, his pale blue eyes boring into the Alpha, reading him with ease.

Chilton didn’t respond, knowing the eyes pulling him apart already saw his thoughts on that idea. Rather than incriminate himself, he turned on his heel to storm off. It had certainly not been how he was expecting the interaction to go.

“When will I be meeting with him?” The Omega called after.

“Tomorrow.”

One word broke his resolve, and rattled around his mind. Will crumpled to the floor, curling up with his knees to his chest, trying to control his breath. The rush of thoughts and feeling swelling across his mind, meaning he wanted to tuck himself up and save any strength he had for the ‘gift’ he was due to receive.

“Tomorrow.” He muttered, to the stillness of his cell.

Chapter End Notes

I am so sorry to Will :(

All The Things You Have Not Got

Chapter Notes

Two chapters in one day? Ain't you lucky.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Stood with his back to the cell door, hands pressed against the wall, Will listened as two guards shuffled into his cell to deposit a box on his cot, before leaving and slamming the door.

He didn't move. Frozen into place by the new object occupying his space. The guards had left the area, leaving him and the gift alone. Opening it was inevitable, but he couldn't help but wonder what it said about his willpower to be so curios in seeing what Hannibal Lecter had sent him.

Curiosity killed the cat, as they say.

He moved over to the box, joining it on the bed, and crossing his legs over as he has. Pulling the cardboard closer to him, he inspected how neatly packaged the offending item was. He would expect nothing less from the Alpha who had sent it. The elegant curl of pen on the top, he traced his fingers over, before angrily taring back the flap so he didn't have to see it anymore.

The cardboard torn open, it revealed some rather basic necessaries. Well, it was high end necessities, but ultimately soaps, snacks and a few reading materials.

Will turned the books over in his hand, noting they were first editions, before he placed them to the side of his knee. Pulling out the food he noticed the lack of anything homemade. Ah, someone else had put these in? He was sure Hannibal was seeking advice from everyone on how he could best support Will.

The thought made his skin itch at the indignation.

Opening up one of the packs of biscuits, he crammed them into his mouth, not caring about the crumbs spilling onto his clothes, bed and into the box. The subtle irritation it would case the doctor brought him a small sense of satisfaction.

Will brought the soaps up to his nose, and immediately recoiled. The bastard has gifted him luxurious products that just so happened to have subtle hints of Hannibal's musky Alpha aroma in them. All the small nuances that underpinned the scent were in these bars. He wouldn't be surprised if they were the handmade object.

He took another sniff, letting the fragrancy transport him, mind conjuring an image of maroon eyes and harsh hands coated in blood, holding him down, while a lustful growl echoed in his ears, body ….

NO.

Getting up off the bed, with the offending bars in hand, he moved over to his toilet, carelessly throwing the soap in, shoving some toilet paper on the top, before flushing.

As they were washed away he returned to the bed, pushing the snacks and books to the side, as he reached in to unpack anything else in the box. His fingers danced on two objects, both laid flat against the bottom of the box.

A photo, which he pulled out and immediately felt tears prickle in the back of his eyes.

The pack were all sat, looking at the camera, some tails far too happy to be captured in the frame and becoming a wiggling blur. He remembered taking this. He had, had to bribe them all with a bone to have them sit so still so he could take a family photo.

He missed them.

The photo was the first item that he was careful with placing down, wiping the droplets falling down his cheeks, away with his sleeve as he pulled out the second item. Will was desperately hoping it wasn't another heart shattering image.

Although thinking about it, it may have been more preferable than this…

In the same elegant cursive that was scrawled across the top of the cardboard box, Will held a letter.

Chapter End Notes

Uuuuugh. Hannibal sending him scented soap and dog pictures is the ultimate asshat move.

I wonder what Hannibal has put in his letter? (¯—¯)

My Letter To You, My Love

Chapter Notes

Just to clarify, dear readers, Hannibal is in no way clueless of the repercussions of his decisions, or the circumstances he forced Will into, he just hadn't considered being emotionally burdened by the consequences. (I don't think it is all that often he has to accommodate for other people's feelings in his life and adjust to the impact on himself.)

A short way to put that is : Ohhhh, whaaaat? Both Hannibal and Will are on a character arc in this fic? ┗(⁰ ⃒ ⁰)━ .*･｡ﾟ Yeah boi~

See the end of the chapter for more notes

My dearest Will,

It pains me that our relationship has become so strained by the weight of your incarnation. It is not as I wished it to be, though an unavoidable consequence of our encounters. I would not be foolish enough to ask for your forgiveness, for the role I played within the predicament we find ourselves. To me an apology would be an omission of regret, and there is little about our time together that I do not find my mind thinking of fondly.

I wonder what the looming physical walls have freed from your polluted thoughts? What revaluations came to the surface now people, such as myself and Jack Crawford, are no longer forcing storms to swirl against the delicate china teacup of your mind?

Before you were torn from my arms you spoke of a future where we are together. Do you think any differently of me now? I would wager that you view me the same as you always have, even with the burden of such tasteless acts. What is fuelling your beautiful burning rage will be the vendetta you've wagered. The need for revenge at the perceived slight that befell your person.

More upset by the man, than the monster.

You'll find one of the books I have gifted you offers and interesting perspective on this theory. Some needed context for your empathy, so you might discover who you are.

I must confess, as I sit writing this letter to you I am taken with the thought of your becoming. Though equally saddened by your loss from my life. I had assumed that in separation I would find salvation, but try as I might, I cannot free myself from your orbit. The thought of laying my eyes on you again has me eagerly anticipating our visit.

Should you need anything I will do anything in my power to accommodate this.

My heart still belongs to you, one day I hope my gift will be returned.

Yours,
Always and Forever,
Hannibal Lecter

Chapter End Notes

And for any of y'all that want it a bit more concisely because of how convoluted I wrote that letter, Hannibal is basically saying –

Sup Will. I bet you couldn't give two hecks in a handbasket that I'm the ripper, you just care that I hurt you, which Is super sexy and I'm really into it. A completely warped sense of morality you have going on there… What with being more upset that I was mean to you that the fact I kill people. Honestly tho, same, cos feeling personally attacked is exactly why I killed and cooked your last boyfriend. Please, tell me about your revenge fantasies so I can think about them at night. Oh, also, I love you Will, please take me back. I'm experiencing this weird sense of remorse and guilt that's super new and annoying for me being a psychopath and all… but I really do miss you. Lots and Lots. Okay, got to go be handsome and do crime, love you 5ever!

Ya get me?

The Shards Of Our Wound

Chapter Notes

Advance apology for this long note, I just needed to tighten up CW/TW up this story as it was sitting uneasy -

Update : Hey y'all, the entire warning for this fic is it's heavy leaning into dub-con content. Due to the nature of the predicament Will finds himself in, it's a warning to heed, as he interacts with other characters and makes decisions. Although everything explicit/sexual is consensual there are themes of gaslighting, manipulation (etc). I feel it is in keeping with the show, but that makes it no less problematic/unhealthy and potentially triggering.

CW: This chapter briefly mentions the murder of Reid Garcia (from MisMid). This Chapter also contains a panic attack – as will the next chapter. If any of these themes are not for you then please skip, it will hopefully make sense without, but you can always ask in the comments.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chains bound his cuffed wrists to the desk as Hannibal was escorted into the room. Between them was a metal table, with a hoop for the handcuff linked to the metal chairs. The room was as cold and sterile as the reception welcoming the psychiatrist as he sat opposite the Omega.

Neither broke the silence at first, simply locked into staring at one another. Hannibal unreadable, unlike the hatred painted across Will's face.

The younger man leaned forward, the chains sliding across the table as he did so, pale blue eyes not once leaving the other. "Doctor Lecter." Will greeted, smirk sliding across his face. "Or would you prefer the other name you're notorious for?"

Hannibal smiled, saying nothing as he brought one leg over his knee, balancing it with his foot dangling in the air, as if they were having a conversation within his luxurious office, rather than a cramped little cell in the hospital.

"Are the shower facilities unavailable to you for any particular reason?"

"If you wanted me to look after myself, perhaps you shouldn't have had me committed." It was a targeted attack. Ever since opening the letter Will had stayed awake mulling over all the lines he knew would rattle Hannibal the most. Of course, lulling him into a false sense of security by starting petty was somewhat entertaining.

“If there wasn’t a shared conclusion that you are a risk the pageantry of you wrapped in chains would be unnecessary.” Although certainly not unappealing, was a thought the Alpha kept to himself for the time being.

“Having you afraid *of little old me* is quite the achievement, all thing consider.” Will’s tone was sickly smooth, dipping into his southern twang in parts.

“Would you like me to fear you?”

“Is that an emotional you’re capable of?”

Hannibal sighed, disappointed. It shouldn’t have stung, but it did. “If that is the conclusion you have drawn I overestimated you.”

“Underestimated. And it’s certainly not all you hadn’t considered. The misguided notion of love is something else you hadn’t accounted for.”

Hannibal’s eyes narrowed for a brief moment at that. “I don’t believe you are undeserving of love, Will, simply because of your illness. Accepting responsibility for what you've done, giving those thoughts words encourages clarity.”

“Allow me to provide more clarity then, Hannibal. You’re incapable of love, perhaps you should consider this infatuation a desire to be understood. Not terribly original, Stammets beat you to the punch there.” Will went in for the kill, so to speak, moving back in his chair to mimic Hannibal’s pose, though his hands had to remain pulled to the left. “So did Hobbs while we’re on the topic.”

There was a long pause as Hannibal looked over Will. Really looked over Will. Through him. This time, when the Alpha moved, he was slightly more stiff and purposeful. “I imagine it's easier to believe I am responsible for those murders than it is to accept that you are.”

“Sure is.” Will smiled triumphantly at the knowledge of getting under the ripper’s skin. The delightful image of that being less metaphysical and more current. Preferably with one of his own kitchen knifes.

“You cannot deny my feelings for you.” Hannibal gritted out, the defiance from the Omega not quite to enjoyable when it was at a cost to himself.

“You cannot delude yourself into thinking /this/ is love.” Will gestured around himself. “We’re not even friends. The light from friendship won't reach us for a million years. That's how far away from love we are.”

“I care about you in extension to myself, rather than the direct impact you have on my life, an emotion I’m experiencing for the first time since my childhood.”

“If you have to make the distinction and provide reasoning, it’s probably not love. Put please do tell me your excuse for pursing me only to cast me aside once you’d won me over.”

“Your abandonment is misplaced. This was an act of forgiveness.”

Will laughed at that. “Forgiveness for what!?”

“Your betrayal.”

“You incriminated me, and had me locked away because I fucked another Alpha!?” Will couldn’t control himself anymore. He was on his feet, voice straining not to shout so the guarding didn’t come running in. “You should have just killed him!”

Hannibal remained, observing the display with intrigue.

It dawned on Will, graphic images of an unidentifiable victim flashed before his eyes, the haunting tableau of an scent scrubbed Alpha, who’s removed fingers clutched at shards of broken glass, reflecting the Ripper’s heart.

The crashed with an equally beautiful dining table. Hannibal sat at the head, with Will hat the side. They had prepared a meal together. It had been intimate and romantic. A pre-set to the chaos of his heat. A moment of connection, before Hannibal overstepped and Will fled to find release in the arms of a different Alpha. A perfectly imagined menu. The meat… The body…

The taste of bile rose up in his throat and panic doused him with same shock y of falling into a frozen lake, stealing his oxygens and causing his body to shiver.

“Will, you need to breathe.” Hannibal’s soothing voice cut through the noise in his own head, as he gasped for air.

Chapter End Notes

Welcome to rock bottom - I'm going to start being kind to Will any second now, I just needed him here before he goes all dark mode on us.

And I'm sure none of y'all will say it, but suffering a panic attack doesn't make you less BAMF. Trauma is a normal reaction to an abnormal situation.

Biology Binds You, Not Me

Chapter Notes

This Chapter also contains a panic attack. It also contains cannon typical (sort of) physical violence. If this not for you then please skip, it will hopefully make sense without, but you can always ask in the comments.

Alphas are just as susceptible to their biological urges as Omegas, perhaps more so. The idea of having to watch one cry, knowing you caused it and not be able to help is physical torture. Thankfully Hannibal hadn't done anything to cause Will to have such a reaction...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Blinking at the shattering display before him, Hannibal was quick to move from his place observing the teacup fall, to collect the fracturing and delicate pieces in his hands to pull back into shape.

As Will sat desperately trying to bring his breathing under control, the physiological symptoms overwhelming his body and brain, causing a light sheen of sweat to pool across his brow. Heart hammering out of control as adrenaline, cortisol and norepinephrine surged through his system.

His hands were shaking, is ears filled with indistinguishable noise.

It was all too much. Everything.

Hannibal's nimble fingers worked quickly to easily free the younger man of his chains and ensnaring cuffs. Will snatched his hands away from the other, pulling them back to his jumpsuit covered chest, as he coiled his limbs into himself on the chair.

It was an uncomfortable sight to be witness too. Every fibre of Hannibal's being and biology screaming that not only was he the direct cause of ***his mate's*** distress, but there was nothing he could do to fix it.

He was a failure.

Fingers tapping against the leg of his trousers, Hannibal fought the urge to touch Will, cuddle him close until the other was soothed. Instead tried to coax the Omega through pacing his breath.

The answer to his words was a low warning growl that had him stunned into silence.

In any other time the display would be beautiful… but he as he uselessly floundered at ***his Omega's*** side grief coiled through him.

It wasn't just Will Graham he had lost, but the trust and future they could have woven for themselves.

"Allow me to help you, Will." He attempted again, softer this time, kneeling next to the other, with enough distance between them he could react should it take an unfortunate turn.

Rather than a physical assault, something much worse happened. "Why did you do this to me?" Came through wet tears, Hannibal couldn't brush away from beguiling eyes, as Will pressed his face into his knees. Hiding away from the one person who could see him for all he was.

"This was not my intention?" Was it not? He was by no means an unintelligent man, surely he was wholly responsible for this. A poor excuse for an Alpha. Providing didn't only come from financial stability, but emotional, something he had carelessly stripped from something so precious.

A broken chuckle hiccupped through the sob. Enough to convey the message that their minds were on the same page in who to condemn and blame for this.

"You're not my victim, Will." Hannibal tried to plea, voice quite unsure as he carefully picked his words, so not to cause more distress. The suffocating smell of Will's scent in the room overriding his reason. "You're my equal. However much of a punishment this was intended to be, it is not because you cannot take care of yourself."

Eventually the sniffling became shallow breaths, controlled and bringing his body back down from the dizzyingly heights of emotions it had rushed to. Much to the Alpha's relief.

This allowed Hannibal to release a lot of the tension he had been holding in his shoulders.

When Will turned his red rimmed eyes, tear stained cheeks and puffy pink lips to meet Hannibal the Alpha was transfixed once more, unable to move from the spot in fear of breaking the moment between them.

He was caught in the trap of outpouring emotion Will had turned on him. Weaponing his vulnerability in a brutally conscious way.

Clearly at some point Will had calmed himself enough to notice the pheromones Hannibal was flooding into the room, in an attempt to do anything to help the other in what was seemingly hopeless.

Hannibal may have flagged the warning sign in this, if he wasn't so relieved and captivated by the image before him. "You mean that?" Will muttered, in a tone that wasn't quite his own. Low and sultry, a siren song beckoning Hannibal steer to the rocks and icey depths before his flesh and bones devoured.

"Of course, mielasis. I see you, as you see me."

From crouched on one knee beside Will's chair, Hannibal was thrown backwards as the feral Omega launched at him, using the element of surprise to push the Alpha backwards, back colliding with the floor, head knocking against the concrete.

Will waited to hear the running of feet to drag him away, but as no gourds approached the commotion a twisted smile coiled onto his lips. "If that were true you'd never have undone my cuffs." There was a plastic handled shank being held against Hannibal's throat as Will spoke, the others navy blue jumpsuit slightly unzipped from where it had been concealed.

Very clever. Will had used his distress as leverage and coiled inwards to fish for his weapon. Were it not so infuriating to be on the back foot, a slave to his biological whims, more now than he ever had been in rut, Hannibal may have voiced exactly that.

"How crafty." The Ripper answered, seemingly unphased by having the weight of Will crushing him down to the floor, crudely made prison weapon flush against his skin. "You will have to be quick if you plan to bleed me out, as I did to my inferior."

Hannibal watched as Will's nostrils flared, knuckles turning white around the handle. "Chilton records these conversations." He paused. "You convinced him not to?"

"I'm rather esteemed within my field."

"Which one? Psychiatry or homicide?"

Hannibal brought his hands up to lightly rest against the outside of Will's thighs, as the Omega sat across his middle, straddling, knees digging painfully into his side to hold him in place and prevent being bucked off.

Bucking was certainly a thought crossing the doctor's mind, despite the makeshift weapon on his neck.

"Hand's off." Will growled lowly, Hannibal complying politely with the demand, bringing them up into a surrender, before laying them back against the ground.

"I keep dreaming of this moment." He knew to remain quiet and allow Will's mind time to muse through its thoughts. Time was something he was always more than happy to find for the other. "Entertaining the idea of if it'd feel good to kill you. Just following the urges I kept down for so long, cultivating them as the inspirations they are."

"Is that all your urges crave?" Hannibal asked, enjoying the slight flush it brought to Will's cheeks before the anger evaporated and painted shame.

"Back to peddling your hysteria diagnosis, Doctor Lecter? Perhaps there is a reason they gave Chilton the keys to this place and not you."

"That insult is beneath you."

"No, you're beneath me." Will said, the same smile stretching across both of their lips before he lightly dragged the blade across the skin of Hannibal's neck, not enough pressure to even pull the thinnest of tares in the tapestry of skin.

Hannibal pressed, hands once again finding their way to lay on Will's sides, this time not being removed as the other man watched the silver slither across his throat. "How would killing me make you feel?"

"Righteous."

"Even though others wouldn't see it that way?"

Will paused his movements to look into the Alpha's eyes, trying to read all of the information Hannibal was giving him in that moment. Often the bulk of their conversations went without words.

"I'm not innocent. You saw to that."

"With the Ripper gone, who will answer your questions? Don't you want to know how it ends? You cannot tell me you do not enjoy the attention, even prior to our courtship your romantic admiration for the crimes you lost yourself to was obvious." Hannibal knew he had Will when the Omega sat back on his haunches to ponder that conversation.

With ease Hannibal flipped the pair of them, pinning Will's wrists above his head in the process, the position familiar.

An echo of Will's first heat they shared.

Something like anger and arousal flashed in pale blue eyes, before Will began squirming futilely against the hold.

"Feeling touch starved, are we?" Came the amused tone from Hannibal as he watched the other wiggle his body, only to grow still and glare up at the Doctor.

"And who's fault is that?" Will quipped.

"Tell me. How would you do it?"

"Kill you?"

Giving a curt nod in agreement he watched as Will rolled his eyes. "Is this your idea of foreplay?"

"I'm perfectly happy to demonstrate to you my ideas of foreplay and refresh your memory."

"With my hands." Will cut in, amusing that the Omega didn't seem to want to let the thought of that demonstration linger too long in his mind.

"That doing bad things to bad people makes you feel good?"

"Yes."

"Then I fail to see a reason I should allow you to leave this hold until the guards arrive to escort you back to your cell. I need to know if you're going to try to kill me again, Will."

“You can stop right there. You may have to pretend, but I don't, and frankly I’m bored of the gas lighting. You’ve shown your hand. Don't lie to me, Dr. Lecter”

Hannibal had no doubt the Omega was perfectly aware of the effect his title and name rolling off Will’s tongue had on the Alpha, and despite the blatant manipulation and hypocrisy of it, Hannibal didn’t mind at all. “You seem perfectly content lying to yourself.”

“Well, then allow me to be perfectly transparent. I am never going to stop trying to kill you.”

Hannibal mused that thought for a moment, there was no doubt in his mind that presented with another opportunity Will would take it. Fortunate that the anticipation of his first premeditated kill was lightly sedated by his biological craving and inexperience, else his blood would be pooling against the marked off-shit floor of Baltimore state hospital for the criminally insane.

This reluctance was certainly something that resonated with and was a contributing factor towards Hannibal’s desire to simply dispose of this ongoing nascence Will Graham presented in many areas of his life.

Though they were in the middle of a fight, the fact he was able to be close to and hold his Omega was soothing his nagging need to nurture and protect, allowing space for the person behind the people suit to peak out. “Then perhaps you ought to give me a good reason not to return that sentiment.”

His tone was a low purr in his chest, as threatening as it was enticing. Perhaps Will had the sense to pick up on the predator in room…

However, in what seemed to be a shock to the pair of them, Will jammed forward into a kiss, straining against the hold Hannibal had him in to violently press his mouth against the Alphas.

Hannibal blinked into the exchange, Will’s tongue lightly lapping at his bottom lip, in a request for entrance. The action that had him closing his eyes and indulging the unexpected turn.

Not an anticipated outcome of their meeting, but as their mouths worked against each other one that further reminded him of exactly why Will was desined to be ***his Omega***.

Aroused by the threat of danger, and apt at playing the risk.

Their love would burn so bright it would burn those around them.

He would spoil and prove his worth to Will, until the other forgave him for this. Win him back so their relationship might grow together.

Hand in hand.

Days spent hunting and night’s curled in the warm and breathless embrace of their bed.

The passionate thoughts causing a slight swell in Hannibal's member, as arousal rushed blood to his erection.

While he was lust drunk by the battle for dominance, the kiss was having a rather more sombre and sobering effect on the Omega beneath him.

Will sharply brought a knee up, knocking the wind from Hannibal as pain shot through his lower extremities.

Seizing the opportunity, Will slipped his writs from the hold and rolled free.

Hannibal bracing himself on a hand and knees, the simmering rage somewhat restrained by the astronomical and nauseating pain ripping through his body.

Will fumbled to pick his weapon back up, just in case Hannibal launched into a justifiably provoked attack.

It was either terrified or excited breaths catching in the Omega's throat as a low growl rumbled from the Alpha in warning…

"Guards!" Will called far too cheerily, stepping around the wounded Alpha cautiously and clipping himself back into the handcuffs.

Hannibal braved movement and dragged himself to a standing position, only to take a seat opposite the defiant deviant across from him no time to acutely punish Will for that attack.

"I'm guessing you weren't wanting children anytime soon, what with your Omega being locked away." Will mocked, knowing the rescue was fumbling with keys in the door. Hannibal glared murderously, eye twitching with the restraint he was putting into not launching across the table.

The two guards walked in, eyeing the two men, a glowering Alpha and pleasantly amused Omega waring silently across the table. The tension was palpable. "Everything alright, doctor?" One uncertainly asked, nervously shifting from foot to foot.

"I'd like to go back to my cell." Will answered before Hannibal had even had the chance to open his mouth The shooting pain still making Hannibal slow. He nodded in agreement when the guards sought confirmation.

As Will was unclipped from the table and began the frogmarched to the door he called over his shoulder "You need to breathe, Hannibal!"

The Alpha considered the cost of burning the entire hospital to the ground with Will Graham trapped simpering inside.

Chapter End Notes

WILL. KICKED. HANNIBAL. IN. THE. DICK.

Look, I know y'all have been really mad at me since the ending to the first fic and thinking I'm bullying Will, but I just had the guy knee Hannibal in his peep, before saying 'you didn't want kids' and 'breathe through the pain, babe'. So, worth the pain train I've been choo- chooing into your feels? (probably not)

However, Will is becoming *THAT* bitch.

And don't think I couldn't hear ya screaming at your screens when they kissed. That's a shout out for anyone's who text/kissed/slept with their ex. We're all dumb sometimes... and Hanni is hot so forgive ya boi Will.

Additionally anyone want to talk about how Will made a cute and crafty prison shank special for their meeting? Romantic little shit, ain't he.

An Incrimination Of Innocence

Chapter Notes

Guess who's back... Back again.

Apologies for the disappearance, I have been balancing being an adult with living through a global pandemic. Turns out, not a whole lotta time to write fics in all that nonsense.

Hope y'all are well.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

An amused smirk pulled at Matthew's lips as he eyes the clearly wounded Alpha, sitting stiffly within the metal chair. "Doctor Lector." He said, managing to convey polite distain.

It drew the other Alpha's eyes to him. Both of them meeting and holding the look for a moment.

Two predators sizing one another up.

Neither aware of the threat the other served.

All Matthew knew was the lingering scent clogging his nose was enough evidence to have his hackles up. Will hadn't informed him of this, in their conversations. The manipulative little bitch. This man was going to try and steal what was his, and that was something that couldn't be allowed.

As the Hannibal rose, and stepped down the hallway with a far more tentative walk that his entrance, Matthew seized his opportunity to pry for information about the beautiful enigma that was Will Graham. "Anything we should know about your meeting with Mr. Graham?"

Hannibal's mood was souring the air between them. It should have been a warning, but the orderly seemed to keep storming ahead with his line of questioning.

"I know Chilton found nothing of use from his other meeting."

It piqued Hannibal's interest, step not faltering, but slowing to accommodate more time in this conversation. "Other meeting?" Odd that Frederick hadn't seen fit to share that information with Hannibal. Either it was inconsequential, or Chilton was too naïve to few it with any real value.

“Oh, I thought the FBI must have sent you too.” Matthew said, which a shrug, falling into stride alongside the doctor. “To work out who the Chesapeake Ripper is.”

“Although I have been known to occasionally consult alongside Will’s former team the capacity I joined him today was as a friend.”

“Smelt like it.” Matthew muttered, Hannibal catching it but choosing to bide him time in retaliating. Whatever infatuation this guard felt he had with Will, was nothing compared to what the two of them shared.

Matthew continued. “I wonder what possible reason Will felt you wouldn't have been able to assist in solving that?" Clearly this man had the wrong end of the stick when it came to his assumption about why Will hadn't enlisted Hannibal's assistance. It was nothing to do with him being incapable, though he wasn't about to be dragged into a knot measuring contest with someone so obsolete. "Not to worry. B. Katz certainly seemed in a haste to investigate the evidence Will was nodding to. So at least someone is able to remain professional.” The jab wasn’t what was making Hannibal’s blood run cold. The fact Will was seeing with clarity and orchestrating the renewed search for the ripper was of concern.

"Thank you for the escort." Hannibal said, never one to forget his manners, unlike the man walking alongside him. "If anything from our meeting is of use, I will be sure to contact you. Do you have a business card?"

They had reached the security door, the orderly nodding to the other guard. Metal door clattering, as the buzzer chimed to make everyone in the area aware. “I'm afraid not, Doctor Lecter, but if you think of anything you can always reach me here." He twirled his keys in a jovial way before deciding to add the final blow. "You keep yourself safe, and I’ll take very good care of Will.” The dark and promising tone washed over the plan Hannibal was pulling together in his mind.

Before Hannibal could respond Matthew had stepped away, smiling warmly, before turning on his heel and heading in the direct of Will’s cell.

He required some compensation for assisting in smuggling prohibited items into the meeting… and he also required a nice apology for not being told the whole truth of his relationship with Doctor Lecter.

Chapter End Notes

Hannibal just sees Matthew as a rude orderly with a slight crush on Will. (which is totally understandable) Of course he's not about to assume Will would be bonking this inferior Alpha.

But Matthew pushing Bev into he firing line, all to point score? Ouch.

Seems like we're due some smut in the fic, no?

Another Alphas Appetite

Chapter Summary

This Chapter Is A Sex Scene

Me : I don't ship Will with anyone but Hannibal

Also Me : Writes a 3798 words long smut scene between him and Matthew Brown. ᕦ(ò_óˇ)ᕤ

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So, enjoy! I know it's not everyone's cup of tea, so please feel free to skip this chapter.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will was escorted back to his cell. Two guards that were loyal to Matthew flanking his sides, as he moved. Despite falling under Chilton's radar, other than his uses in unethical practice, Matthew had a way of commanding weaker personalities, particularly betas.

The walk to his cell was a luxury Will was afforded due to his secondary gender, the other occupants of Baltimore state hospital were often strapped to board and transported down corridors to their therapeutic interventions.

His meeting with Hannibal certainly had been therapeutic. It was the most alive the Omega had been feeling for quite some time. The wrath on the Alpha's face, as he tried to catch his breath and sway on unsteady legs after Will had forcefully brought a knee up to collide with him.

You had to be brave or stupid to imagine the Chesapeake Ripper would take kindly to that behaviour, but Will couldn't find himself caring. Hannibal had decided to ruin his life, he was just ensuring he did as much damage as possible to the other.

His fall was inevitable, his actions only cementing his fate. Will was just going to drag Hannibal over the cliff edge with him.

Despite the two guard's continual glances to each other, Miggs was the first to comment, as the group came to a halt outside of the profiler's cell. "Someone smells good."

Had Will been able to pull his mind away from the revenge fantasy he was exploring, the comment may have registered for more than a leer at him, and in fact a compliment to the Alpha who's scent was permeating every fibre of his jumpsuit.

Door unlocked, the Betas ushered Will inside, setting about freeing him into the confinement of concrete.

Will remained oblivious to the amused look on their faces. The shared knowing smirk. Matthew made it perfectly clear he considered Will Graham as good as his. The two guards couldn't envision a scenario in which the way the Omega smelt, with his curls all tussled, and listless look in his eyes ended well.

There were two main things impacting Will's ability to foresee this problem. One, he was busy revealing in his victory over Hannibal. Two, the familiar scent of ~~his alpha~~ his friend was a enticing comfort.

Though the Omega would never admit to how much he relished the feeling of belonging. Even if his mind started wondering down that path…

The smell of them both together.

Scents entwining, perfectly complimenting.

Hannibal would smell like him. It would be undeniable that he had spent his precious time on top of an Omega. The bespoke suit would be sure to carry the faint aroma of Will into the evening.

It would be a distraction.

A further punishment. 'Here is what you do not have, but you gave it away.'

Although Will was sure what they shared wasn't love, he was more than aware that the Alpha lusted after him.

Now the doctor would have to remain composed in his drive home, having been assaulted by a wilful Omega, whose scent fills the space in the Bentley.

How Hannibal's strong arms had pinned him against the ground. The woodland floor. The cool press of the hospital, while they fought.

There was a sick delight that came with the possibility of dominating the Alpha. Of being dominated by the Chesapeake Ripper.

It was a high stakes game of cat and mouse, and it was as yet undetermined which role they would play. The pure admiration on the Alpha's face was so inconsistent with the profile of the prolific killer, there must be a reason that Hannibal was so accepting of Will's desire to kill him.

They were primal. Violence and desire battling against each other in something that Will wasn't use to exploring. As much as he hated the psychiatrist their physical chemistry was

undeniable. The way Hannibal's mouth felt against hi-

"Graham." Came the low growl from Matthew, pulling Will from his daydreaming to eye the Alpha.

Will didn't recall the guards leaving. He hoped that he hadn't been stood in the middle of his cell for long. Though given that he hadn't heard Matthew approach either, any amount of time could have passed.

"Hi." He said, mind shaking itself free from his thoughts and coming back into the room.

Clearly this had been the wrong answer, the Alpha on the other side of divide wrinkling his nose in disgust at the stench rolling off of Will. Not sure if he was more offended by Doctor Lecter of the light hint of arousal that thread it's way into the Omega's own. "I asked if you'd had a nice visit?"

"Oh. Yes. A joy." Will returned the toothy smile the Alpha was flashing him, hoping this conversation would be over soon so he could get back to his last train of thought.

Maybe see about relieving himself.

"I'm glad to hear it." Matthew said sweetly, resting one arm against the wall, as he leaned into the cell, allowing the infuriating scent to fuel his anger. "You certainly seemed to have taken his breath away."

Will chuckled. "I have that effect on Alphas."

"Remind me again of your relationship with Doctor Lecter?"

"We're not in a relationship." Will snapped, immediately regretting it, as the denial was evidence enough of the exact nature of their 'relationship'. If Hannibal was just a friend, he would have said so.

"You don't have an Alpha." Matthew said, bringing up the wording from countless conversations before.

Fuck. A lot of Will's manipulating of the Alpha before him relied quite heavily on an unspoken promise of something blossoming between them.

All of which was quite hard to convince the orderly of when Will was taking visits from his ex, so they could roll around on the ground together.

"I…" Before Will can finish a hurried explanation, a growl ripped from the other man's chest. The fuming Alpha behind the glass glaring dangerously at him.

Will needed to do some collateral damage, before all the pieces fell into place and through the rage Matthew was able to recognise exactly how the Omega had been influencing him to get what he wanted.

There was also the matter of the shank, still pressed into the inside of his jumpsuit. Matthew currently held all the cards. All it would take it on random search of his person and cell where he would be dragged off to solitary and his fair trial pollute by the evidence of his incarceration.

This was a dangerous situation to be in.

It was exceptionally arousing.

Not quite as terrifying as playing cat and mouse with Hannibal, but certainly quite close.

A soft whine is followed by a whispered "Sorry." Before Will is dropping his gaze to the floor.

It was a shame to pull his eyes away from the sight before him, as the Alpha pushed closer to the glass, so he might hear the sweet sounds leaving Will's throat.

"Explain to me." Came the order.

Gulping, Will shifted from foot to foot. Matthew liked the idea of a subservient knot rider, so he would play the role. Though he was glad his curls fell forward and covered his face, hiding the smile tugging at his lips.

The question was how to explain this situation would further incriminating himself. How did you put their relationship into words, anyway? There wasn't a label that could possibly encompass their chaos. "I didn't know what else to do."

The Alpha motioned for him to continue. "He's friends with Chilton. I wasn't given a choice in the meeting. It's easier just to appease Hannibal." Will wondered is Matthew was able to pick up on the similarity to this situation. "He'll likely be testifying at my trial… I just… He's not my Alpha. An Alpha wouldn't do this to their Omega."

"Are you scared of him?"

"I should be." I'm not.

The Alpha seemed pleased by this answer, though the fury was still clear on his face. "I'll protect you." The intended soothing statement came out more as a low growl than reassurance.

The pent up frustration from his fight with Hannibal, the lack of human contact, and the intense glowering from the Alphas across from him was turning Will on.

"I smell like him." Will said, now looking up from his submissive and demur position to meet the other's eye line. "You could help me fix that?" Less than subtle flirting.

That paid off with Matthew reaching for his keys, only to pause with a delightful image. "Undress for me."

Will smirked at the request, hands running up his body in a saucy display, making sure the Alpha was watching his fingers drag up his clothed body, before slowly starting to pull down the zip. Was his brain not so overcome with arousal he may have felt a slight bit of shame at preforming a strip tease.

The metal zip slowly slid down, revealing his white undershirt and underwear. Shrugging off the prison issue jumpsuit Will let his eyes drop down to his own body, directing Matthew exactly where to look.

Years of owning his own sexuality meant he knew exactly what he was doing when it came to luring in his prey.

He delicately stepped out of the uniform, making sure the weapon stayed concealed within the fabric, before moving onto the last few remaining layers of clothing.

Pealing off the undershirt he pulled it up over his head, depositing it on the floor alongside the jumpsuit, kicking them to the side.

Fingers danced around the band of his underwear, moving to pull them down, only to be stopped with an order from Matthew. “I want to do it.”

“Shall I stand against the wall so you can come inside?” The innuendo was laid on thick, a tongue dragging across his bottom lip and chasing the words.

Humming in agreement, Matthew unlocked the door to step inside of the cell.

Will moved hands pressing against the cool concrete wall, back turned to the closing cell door as he moved his legs apart in anticipation. He’d been excepting a hand to coil around his throat and hip, directing him into whatever position the Alpha had wanted, but that thought was the ghost of a previous lover. Instead Matthew closed the space and placed gentle kisses across the Omega’s shoulder blades.

“You don’t need to fear me.” The Alpha hummed, as hands came up to toy with the waistband of Will’s underwear.

He pushed his arse backwards, pressing himself into the other man, as his body was crowded against the wall with gentle touches, and delicate lips.

It would have been frustratingly romantic if it wasn’t for how touch starved Will was. The delicate trails of skin and lips causing a tingle across his body, rippling down to between his legs where he was getting hard and slick was starting to slide between the cleft of his buttocks.

“Hm, little Omega, desperate all of me?” Matthew hummed against the soft skin his tongue was tasting.

Will didn’t point out just how hot and heavy he had been feeling after his meeting with the psychiatrist. He didn’t want to think about, only wanted to focus on how good the touches felt against his skin.

“I want to touch you.” Will said, he wanted to see and watch as both of them made each other come undone. “Please.” He added for good measure.

Mathew took a step back, allowing the other space to turn around, a hungry look on his face as he watched a lightly flushed and half hard Will appreciate looking over him.

Will moved forward, with some caution, which seemed to please the Alpha no end, hands coming out to run along the orderly’s uniform.

The Alpha was a lot better built that Will had been expecting, the oversized garments doing an amazing job of hiding the figure found beneath.

Pulling up the top to reveal washboard abs that made more than Will’s mouth wet, the Omega was less delicate and more purposeful with his actions. Seeking out the pleasure he wanted, by clawing abdomen and chest until the fact the shirt was in the way became frustrating. “Off.”

“As you wish.” Matthew said, amusement dancing in his tone as he watched Will’s greedy eyes do the same as he had done when the other man was undressing. Pulling off his top and throwing it to the floor, he had no time to pull out of the trousers before his arms were full.

Will surged forward, stealing a hungry kiss, tongue demanding entrance as their bodies collided together. Skin on skin.

Looping his arms around Will’s hips, a hand dipped into the underwear pawing at the Omega’s arse, while the Will enjoyed writhing his body against the hard one, both still engaged in a passionate kiss.

Walking the pair of them back until Will hit the wall, the Alpha was the first to break the kiss, lightly nipping Will’s bottom lip as he pulled back. “You’re insatiable.”

Humming Will went to drip his hand inside of the other’s trousers, only to find his actions halted with a light tutting.

“Now, now, don’t you think you ought to say thank you for all I’ve done for you?”

Taking the less than subtle hint, Will slide down the wall, until he found himself on his knees, lips parting expectantly.

“Such a wonderful little cock slut.” These compliments didn’t feel like they came from a place of love. They were more like something out of a poorly scripted porno than anything else. Matthew ran the pad of his thumb along Will’s bottom lip, before moving to free his erection.

The sight was incredible, Matthew Brown towering above him, Will pressed against a cell wall, the Alpha freeing his prick. With a few pumps, the Alpha was soon holding Will’s chin up with one hand and guiding his dick in with the other.

Hollowing his checks as he took more and more of the length in, lips closing around the head and tongue dancing across the sensitive area, Will kept his head still as the Alpha started

carefully thrusting in and out.

The other seemed almost shocked when Will was able to take so much into his mouth and throat before gagging.

Grunting in acknowledgment Matthew pulled back, cock slipping out, saliva slicked member resting against Will's tongue as the Omega caught his breath.

As soon as the talented tongue started lapping at the shaft once more the Alpha pushed forward, using Will's mouth to pleasure himself.

When the man's hips started to faulted, the profiler used his initiative, starting to bob his head, brining Mathew closer to release, while his own arousal kept growing.

One hand reached down to palm himself through his underwear, while the other moved up to begin fondling Matthews's balls.

The closer the other came to spilling his seed down Will's throat, the more haphazard and demanding the thrusts forward became. Letting himself go Matthew seemed less concerned about being chivalrous and romantic for their first time together, and more consumed with face fucking the Omega kneeling below him.

Which is exactly how Will liked it. Gagging and spluttering occasionally when the other pushed in too far or too fast, he was working his own erection, smearing pre-cum against his pants, through the fabric.

Suddenly the Alpha had pulled away, was using one hand to hold Will and his puffy well fucked lips in place, while the other braced against the wall, trying to catch his breath and calm him down.

Whining, as he was rather enjoying himself Will felt the need to add. "I swallow, if you're worried about a mess."

It caused the fingers gripping him in place to flex in thought. "I'd rather not knot your pretty mouth." The Alpha breathed, brining himself back from the edge.

Pulling down the Mathews trousers, so they weren't just sitting on his upper thighs, Will helped the other remove them, pressing kisses against the thighs, as he worked himself.

"Awh, have I been neglecting you?"

Will hummed in agreement, just as the other man crouched down and joint Will knelt on the floor. "Come here."

He did as asked, moving forward as the pair once again found themselves kissing. Except this time it was broken by a shocked gasp as the Alpha's hand gripped into Will's cock. "We should get these pants off, I can smell just how wet you're making them." Came the low grumble.

Mathew worked in pulling them down, but only to the bend on the knee, where he then guided Will to shuffle forward, onto all fours.

Gentle hands once again ran down his body, this time coming to stop just above Will's arse. "Such a desperate little whore." He mused, as hands pulled apart Will's perk cheeks, revealing a sweet slicked hole.

The cool air and how exposing this position was, coupled with the fact he was in the middle of a cell, all but presenting himself before an Alpha, had a pleasant red blush on the Omegas cheeks. "Touch me?" Thankfully managing to put the inflection at the end of that, it sounded less like a demand and more like a plea.

One Mathew was more than willing to oblige. Fingers teasing the rim of Will's hole one dipped inside, stretching him open and causing a moan on pleasure, as his thighs began to shake.

It had really been far too long since he'd enjoyed someone else's touch. Or his own touch for that matter.

It felt amazing.

Mathew worked one finger in and out of Will, praising him for being so good, assuring him the pain wouldn't last for long, like Will was a virgin.

Pulling it out and adding a second, this time spitting onto the puckering hole. Second finger sliding in with minimal resistance, Will enjoyed his body rippling with pleasure, getting wetter and wetter as he was fingered.

It lacked precision but defiantly had plenty of enthusiasm. This wasn't about making Will break down with the pleasure the Alpha could produce, it was instead about getting both of them to the point to enjoy each other.

By the time the scissoring digits had opened him up enough to be ready, Will was panting against the floor, craving more friction to get him off.

"Are you ready?" Matthew asked, clearly enjoying the little mews of encouragement and just how responsive the Omegas body was being to his hands.

Nodding, fingers sliding from his gaping hole, Will was surprised not to feel the Alpha lining himself up ready to push in. Instead there was shuffling beside him, as Matthew laid down on the floor. Moving his head to the side and looking over the scene Will wanted to double check what the other was asking. "You want me to ride you?"

"Don't worry, I'll guide you." The Alpha said, with a smile that didn't quite meet his eyes.

Really not what Will had been worried about anyway.

Getting to his feet, he pulled the pants that were still wrapped around his knees, off, throwing them aside, before moving to stand over Matthew. Straddling The Alpha he smiled, lowering himself until he could feel the other's erection resting against his cheeks.

Confronted with the choice of playing innocent, or simply blowing the others mind, Will opted for the latter.

Lining up the tip of Matthews dick, he sank down, impaling himself slowly, until the full length was inside the hot wet heat, filling him up and stretching him out.

Average size for an Alpha meant that Will didn't really need to waste much time accommodating to the girth inside him, and instead starting rocking him hips, causing the member to move within him, causing a delightful moan from the two of them.

Rather than have hands exploring his body as he rode the other's manhood, the Alpha had folded his arms behind his head, simply watching as Will used the cock to pleasure himself.

And that is exactly what the profiler was doing, as he bounced up and down on the other, trying to find the right angle to hit his prostate as they fucked.

Both of them were out for their own pleasure, and not in a hot needy way. It meant their sex was somewhat disconnected from it being a couples activity and was instead both using the other to climax.

When Matthew started nearing his release, he began slamming his hips up to meet Will coming down, the intense pace helping push will closer to his own orgasm.

Cock driving in and out of his slick arse, heavy breath and panting, the scent of Hannibal long forgotten, it was a moment of bliss within the chaos.

Pulling Will off his dick the Alpha gave it a few pumps before spilling his seed all over Will's butt and lower back.

The Omega missing the feeling of being filled, and instead having to settle for pulling his own prick to climax, painting Matthews chest with white steams of semen.

Will collapsed on top of the other, in a sweaty sticky mess, resting his head on the Alpha's shoulder, his own legs still spread, cum slowly drying on his back.

Matthew turned his face to meet Will's stealing a sloppy and spent kiss from the Omegas lips as he basked in the satisfaction of finally being able to have what was rightfully his. "You should have told me so I could take care of you, Graham."

"Are you still going to take care of me? After everything?" Though the post-orgasm haze Will knew it was still good to have Matthew on side. He nuzzled into the Alphas neck in a sweet display of submission, just to seal the deal.

"Of course. I will deal with your uniform … and anything else you need me to. All you have to do is ask."

"Thank you."

Heartrates returning to normal, the floor becoming noticeably unconfutable against tired limbs, Will shifted to lay beside the other on his back, staring up at the celling, trying to

ignore how grimy his skin now felt. He was sure the pair of them would be going for a shower, no way the Alpha was stupid enough to allow Chilton to catch Will stinking of sex and someone else.

Matthew linked their hands, brining it up to his lips and kissing the back of it. He then dug his nails lightly into the soft skin. “Say you’re mine.”

Will was thankful he wasn’t having to make eye contact for this, he was sure his face would betray him. “I can’t.”

“Why?”

“I can’t belong to anyone while I’m in here.”

Chapter End Notes

Can we get that louder for the Chesapeake Ripper in the back? **Will Can't Belong To Anyone While He's In Prison**

Also, someone totally needs to tell Matthew that people have been murdered over boring sex with Will. (RIP Reid G)

Where The Fault Lairs

Chapter Notes

This chapter contains references to kidnapping

Sorry it took forever to update, I've been dealing with the *big sad*. (If you ever wonder where I disappear too I can always recommend checking ma twitter because I usually give a lil heads up about a hiatus)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The first thing Beverly noticed was how head screamed, as she awoke back up. Disorientated to her surroundings the Omega blinked away the growing feeling of nausea, trying to ground herself back into the room.

It was cold. Dark. Eerily still.

Skin speckled with goose bumps she made an attempt to move, body unwilling to comply as it laid against a hard surface. Fingers brushed against the grated metallic beneath her.

A autopsy table, her sluggish brain supplied.

Panic raising Bev once against tried to roll herself from the bed and get to her phone, or gun. Both would surface in making the fear filling her veins subside. Rather than her legs taking her weight, she managed to roll uncooperative limbs off the bed, falling less than delicately against the concrete floor.

The pained noise that left Bev's mouth couldn't be heard over the tools she's flung with her, as they cascaded to the concrete, metallic noise clattering.

The ceiling creaked above. Footsteps echoing, coming closer. A large shadow sweeping over the cracks in the roof, moving in the direction of what she presumed must be the entrance. Or exit.

Despite the pain shooting through her limbs, Bev jutted her arm out, hands desperately clasping onto the medical tools that had followed her onto the ground, concealing one in her pocket, while the other most threatening object stayed within her palm.

Bright white strip lights blinked on, causing a new wave of nausea to bubble and build. The overwhelming sensory experience having her body demand Bev curl up and admit defeat, her brain screaming of the predator that had entered the room.

"Agent Katz." Came the chiding Lithuanian accent, floating across the her. Clearly intending to show distain for the mess she'd made in her attempt to escape.

“Hannibal?” The Omega groaned, cracking one eye open, risking the blinding white light, to look at the shadowy figure standing and observing. There was something in the man’s voice that didn’t quite sound right. Something in the stance that wasn’t who she had met countless times before.

Swallowing thickly, a hand clamped harder around the weapon.

Hannibal smiled at the action, a toothy and callous smirk acknowledging the palpable fear rolling off the agent in waves. “You need not worry. I have no plans to kill you immediately.”

Bev didn’t know if she should cry or laugh. “Will was right. You’re the Ripper.” She spat the words as venomously as she could. The shared truth between them all. Hannibal Lecter was the Chesapeake Ripper.

“I am.” Came the nonchalant acceptance of the horrific title. “Did he name me directly, or coax you in the right direction?” Hannibal was maintaining a distance, watching as his captive pulled herself to a sitting position, back resting against the autopsy table, eyes trained on him. In another world he would find it admirable, the way she reserved her energy for the fight. Plotting a way to win something that was so clearly over.

Now, all Hannibal wanted to hear about was his beloved.

“He said I needed to see for myself.” Sadness was painted clearly across Bev’s features, tears threatening to fall, as she thought of her friend, and the path of evil they had both crossed into. “Said that he couldn’t tell me… didn’t think I would believe him.”

“I suppose you did all rather betray his trust.”

“Us!? You framed him for the copycat killings!”

Smart. He could see why Will liked Miss Katz so. They made a formidable pair. Though the Omega wasn’t quite a quick and remarkable as his own. “Something he will come to accept from me. My motives are understandable. His friends and colleagues, people who he had known for years, trusted, were all too happy to believe him capable of the crimes he’s accused of.” For the final blow. “All on the word of an Alpha.”

“I wouldn’t call you an Alpha, Doctor Lecter.” Beverly said, cruel smile twisting in her eyes, as she raised her chin defiantly. “I would call you a monster. Will Graham will never love you.” Bev knew exactly what she was aiming for. As Will had said, the Ripper had a heart.

Clearly it stung, there was an ever so slight tensing of the Alpha’s jaw before he was able to regain control of his emotions. Bev would have been pleased she could so easily get under his skin, if that didn’t spell disaster for her friend.

If Hannibal loved Will, or thought he loved Will, and couldn’t keep flawless control of himself there were only a few ways this would end.

“You’ll forgive me for not trusting your analysis of our relationship, you never appreciated Will for all that he is.”

“Given that you’re taking in the past tense, should I assume you’re planning to eat me?”

“Your fate is in Will Graham’s hands. I was going to allow you your freedom, while observing if there was a point I should intervene, but you forced my hand, Miss Katz, when breaking into my home.”

Beverly should have told someone that she would be here. Should have forced Jack to listen. Should have not come alone. Should have checked to see what appointments Hannibal had in his diary after his trip to see Will. ***Should have believed her friend.***

“How did you do it? Fabricate the evidence.”

Hannibal knew this was a tactic to keep him talking, Beverly hoping that the drugs causing through her system would lessen and the prospect of escape would become a reality. “The FBI is exceptionally lazy when it comes to the evidence they’re presented with. Happy to take it at face value, seeming too arrogant in its own understanding of criminal minds to believe you might be fooled. The execution was easy. Much like an audience who attends psychic mediums, your team is bias in their judgment. You want to believe that evil is obvious when you have all the correct pieces. Unlike Will, would lends his beautiful mind to understanding. Take, for example, the final piece in framing him. Statistically if either of us were more likely to have murdered a challenging Alpha it would have been me.”

“Simple biology. Alphas kill alphas when there is an Omega in heat.”

“Precisely.” Hannibal continued. “Yet, due to the prejudices you have all inflicted upon yourselves you would rather admit that the socially inept and challenging Omega were the root of the problem. Psychologically speaking getting you to believe that Will had the capacity for murder was far more challenging than staging the body. Of course, my darling boy has more than the capability for the crimes he is to be convicted of.”

It was said so wistfully that it made Bev feel sick again.

“You are asking how I covered the bites to the other Alphas neck?” This was where delight danced in dark maroon eyes. “I didn’t.” The smile twisted onto his sharp features. “All of the usual investigating team, yourself included, had taken that weekend off, burdened with the knowledge that Will was now secured within the walls of Baltimore State Hospital. I simply changed the paperwork.” Hannibal began to advanced forward, casually moving to circle the table, so he moved out of Beverly line of sight. “If you were to exhume the body, you may even find my DNA within the wound that killed him.”

Out of sight, delight dancing across the Rippers tone, as he explained how many oversights the bureau had taken in this case Bev’s breath caught in her throat. This wasn’t just an explanation, this was a threat.

A reinforcement of reality.

No-one would find her here, because Hannibal Lecter hid in plain sight.

No-one could save her.

The only person that stood a chance of saving her was the same person who had sent her this way.

Hannibal struck. Leaping over the autopsy table with easy, and landing before Beverly, before she had a chance to strike him with the weapon pressed into her palm, he had stalked back across the room.

Toying with her.

With a flick of the switch, the room once more plummeted into darkness.

Beverly couldn't hear anything. Couldn't see anything. "Tell Will that I don't blame him!" She called into the quiet of the room. "Please. This isn't his fault. None of this is his fault."

The next time Beverly heard Hannibal's voice, it was from directly in front of her, warm breath pushing the still from between them. "Oh, but it *is*."

Chapter End Notes

Oh damn, poor Bev. I freaking love Bev. Aggggh.

Someone (I've forgotten who, sorry!) asked me in Misunderstanding Midnight how the FBI wouldn't work out that Hannibal was the one who bite the throat out of the other Alpha… Well, there you have it. The cocky lil killer just changed the paperwork while everyone else was sad about Will.

You think they'd be smarter than that, then you watch the show and see Hannibal cracking cannibal puns and you realise not so much, no.

Not to toot my own trombone but writing this chapter has sort of made me vibe for this story again. Writer likes their own fic for several whole moments. Dun Dun Dun. This is where the comments read me to filth XD

My Letter To You, My Adversary

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

My dearest Will,

Although our latest meeting was tumultuous, I hope you are not concerning yourself with your slight against me. Rest assured, I am aware any ill wishes shared is misplaced anguish at your situation, rather than a reflection of your affections.

I forgive you.

I would so hate for what we have, all that I have given you, to become misunderstood in the eyes of our friends and colleagues. Only we witnessed what transpired between us, the devotion, connection and understanding we now hold over one another. I wouldn't expect that to be shared with anyone else. Ever.

In trying to pull back the curtain, what reaction could you be anticipating? Redemption or retribution?

Regardless of your efforts to distance yourself from me, I look forward to meeting with you and delving once more into the depths of your mind so I might understand where your devotions truly lie. With monsters or men, William.

Doctor Chilton has kindly granted permission for you to enjoy my cooking once more, on the condition that you comply with his decisions on your treatment. I, among others, are yearning for your freedom if only to dispel the darkness from our lives. Your presence is a gift too many overlook.

I will be visiting you on Wednesday, perhaps we can further discuss your interest in my honour. You know that all you need do is ask. As you are mine, I am yours. Anything I have to share, or you wish to know I will sacrifice to you without question. That is the mutual trust we have woven for ourselves.

Yours,

Always and Forever,

Hannibal Lecter

Chapter End Notes

And for any of y'all that want it a bit more concisely, Hannibal is basically saying –

Will. You kicked me in the dick, but I'm going to let that go. So if you were worried I was about to stab you because of it, no worries. I know you're still into me. Plus, sort of hot when I think about you manipulating me. However we should probably discuss the fact you're chatting shit about me to your ex-colleagues? WTF bro. What we share is special and you're not suppose to tell anyone else. They won't ***understand*** *us, like we understand each other. What do you think will happen if people find out I'm the Ripper? This is a not so thinly vailed threat that you're either with me, or against me, and if you're against me then oh boy are you in trouble. We belong together. We're soulmates. There is no escaping that… But don't make daddy angry. Okay, enjoy the nommy food I'm sending you! See you soon! Love you still!*

Ya get me?

Two Many Meals Together

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will didn't miss the amused lit in Chilton's voice as the psychiatrist finished reading the letter aloud. The Alpha had a disgusting grin pulling at his lips, clearly amused that the esteemed Hannibal Lecter was capable of falling from such heights to fall so completely in love with Will Graham.

The Omega sat in a cage in the main therapy hall, as Chilton disregarded and disrespected both his privacy and that of his supposed friend by reading the love letter out.

Supposedly this was meant to humiliating. A way to remind Will of his place, after the last group therapy session where he had threatened to bring Chilton to tears with a stoic psychoanalyst of the Alpha.

Will had long since moved past the point of being phased by this kind of treatment. His resolve was setting into place, and very little of his past self-seemed to cross his mind when he thought about hurting those around him.

It was something he should be more worried about, but the resentment coiling within him left very little time to reflect on his tasteless thoughts.

Speaking of taste, Will watched as Chilton pulled a bag from under his seat to reveal two containers of food.

It was hard to tell if the way his stomach jumped at the thought of Hannibal's cooking was disgust or excitement. He had a feeling it was the latter. Hospital food can do that to a person.

"Do you think you take advantage of Doctor Lecter's kindness?" Frederick mused, as he opened the first container, the delicious smell permeating the dank air around them.

Will was starving all of a sudden. "No more than you do." He spat bitterly, more upset with himself than Chilton at this point. The Omega wiggled forward in his chair, placing his hands through the small slot in the cage to take the meal.

Chilton didn't move to gift it to Will, only bring out some cutlery to poke around in the meal. Checking for… What exactly? Hannibal wouldn't ruin the food by hiding a nail file in it.

It was probably just the man being spiteful and running how it was displayed.

"Yes." Will answered, probably a bit too honestly, but at least it stopped the Alpha smushing his lunch under the fork. "I take advantage of his kindness. It benefits me to do it." The omission left off that if any one person had the Chesapeake Ripper showing unwavering devotion and extending a huge amount of licence, they'd run with it too. Taking advantage of Hannibal's kindness was exactly why he was still alive.

The thought of living brought him back to the food. Will dragged a soft pink tongue over his chapped lips, eyeing the hot meal before him ravenously.

“Pappardelle with hare sauce.” Frederick said, butchering the pronunciation, in a way that made Will visibility flinch.

The food itself still looked warm which means Hannibal had used his day to deliver this. Perhaps he’d even moved appointments to accommodate the drive.

Fredric continued, not above using the meal as leverage in the conversation. “Do you take advantage of all Alphas?”

Will wanted to roll his eyes at the ridiculous line of questioning. The idea that in a situation, in this society, where he held none of the power, he’d be the one taking advantage was preposterous. He was at least glad to know that the preserved threat to the entire secondary gender dynamic was enough he might get a paper written about him. Will Graham, Omega who used his body and mind to level the playing field. Clearly a psychopath. “No. I don’t.”

“No?”

“Do you want me to answer honestly, or just give you the answers you want?” Will deadpanned, scooting back in his chair and crossing his arms over his chest to show he wasn’t so desperate for a good meal that he wouldn’t just ignore the other.

Taking the bait the Alpha rose, crossing the room to place the Tupperware before Will before he lost the conversation. “Tell me what you thought of the letter?” The man crossed back to his chair, taking a seat and using the cutlery to savour his own lunch.

Will rose an eyebrow, clearly he wasn’t getting cutlery. This time he did role his eyes, moving to eat the meal with his hands. “It was condescending.” Scooping some of the food onto his fingers, he dangled it above his mouth before pushing it in. A uncouth display, the thought of Hannibal seeing brining him as much delight as the food itself.

He hated the moan that left his throat as his taste buds were enveloped. Stupid culinary proficient cannibals.

Chilton had stopped mid bite to savour the noise coming from Will, as the sight of the Omega getting himself messy while eating the food. “How so?” He prompted when coming back to himself.

“Redemption or retribution?” Will scoffed. “He’s warning me not to burn all my bridges so that when it comes time for me to reintegrate myself into society I’m not a pariah.” Crystal blue eyes finally met the psychiatrist, just as he put more food to his lips. It looked like Chilton was getting off on this? Will moved to test the theory. “Behave myself.”

The Alpha confirmed Will’s suspicions with his too quick response. “Can you be a good boy, Will?”

If the food hadn't tasted so good the profiler might have found himself put off his meal, as Chilton leered over him. "Who for?" It was pointed. Will's interpretation of the letter was a warning about Matthew, innocently assuming that Fredrick was sacrificing information about him in the hope to get closer to Hannibal. It was about the Alpha his being upset about his reputation being destroyed. The continual rejection. The idea that he was desperately pursing a homicidal Omega who seemed less than interested must have been doing a number on his ego and the respect his peers held for him.

"Hannibal." Chilton finally answer, clearly having weighed up the consequences of being direct with his lust.

"Doctor Lecter isn't the kind of man who tolerates anyone being rude." Will paused. "Other than me. So, no. I probably won't behave for him. That would be boring."

If only Fredrick knew the weight of these confessions.

Then again, Will imagined the other man wouldn't be so ravenously tucking into the meal supplied for him if he knew the truth.

Will looked down at his own container, almost empty. Mentally chastising himself for not having a small amount of reluctance when it came to accepting a meal. Interesting to think how easily he accepted this.

The pair ate in an uncomfortable silence for a moment. Chilton enjoying the way Will would pause to lick the food from his fingers. Will doing his best to ignore the heated eyes glued to his every motion, and instead just enjoy the food.

"And for me?" The other man finally asked, erection clearly straining against non-tailored dress pants.

"Will I behave for you?" The Omega asked, finishing off the last bits of the meal, before setting the box down. "Is that what you want? Me to submit?"

"It certainly sounds like a healthy direction to take our relationship in."

"Our professional one." Will tried to remind him. Juggling two Alphas was enough, he didn't think he could stomach the thought of Chilton asking him to spread his legs. Although, Matthew was becoming overly attached to him, so it might be wise to think about a replacement.

Will hated the way his brain thought. He should just kill them all. That was a much more pleasing endeavour.

"I'm working in the unknown with you, Will. My ability to understand Omega Hysteria will be ground-breaking research into the psyche of the fairer sex. Something that hasn't been adequately explored for years. If using unorthodox methods would yield success I can't see anyone thinking of it as unethical practice. Besides, it would mutually beneficial." Chilton smiled, adjusting himself though his pants.

“Fucking your patients is generally considered illegal, Frederick, not just unethical.” Will stood, dark smile finding it’s way onto his face. “And I’m not sure you have the knot for it.”

Will would pay for that, he was sure, but it was worth it to see just how the insult shook Chilton to his core.

Chapter End Notes

Tiny penis joke, ehe.

Firstly, any of y'all thinking "Why is Will just eating the food?" the dude seems to have no hang-ups on cannibalism in the show so he doesn't here. Sure, there might be people meat in it, but it's better than prison food and not as insulting as soap as a gift.

Things you may want to note: Will interpreted Hannibal’s letter in a very different way than Hanni had intended. (That tends to happen if you speak in convoluted metaphors @ Hannibal Lecter) Will doesn’t know about Bev, so how the heck is he supposed to think about the letter any other way?

Ooooh, the boys have their wires crossed. I can see this going super well. Such fun.

What Ex(c)it(e)s The Heart

Chapter Notes

Taadaaaa. The author is not dead… Or am I a ghost?

Honestly lads, it's been a moment, and I'm not even going to apologies for being gone for so long cos I'll probably do it again… (But also, I'm really sorry for just abandoning y'all, I hope you're doing good.)

The comments and kudos I came back to made me wanna write again, so thanks folks, take this while I pad out the dialog in the next chapter. ʃつ◕_◕ʅつ

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Chilton took great pleasure in the throwing Will into solitary for the week, after the Omega had bruised his exceptionally delicate ego. You would think working within the BSHCI would award you a thicker skin for the foul mouths and cutting comments of the criminally insane.

Then again, the misplaced God complex probably meant few of the words actually managed to crack the competent façade the psychiatrist was putting on.

A weakness Frederick shouldn't have been so willing to sacrifice to Will. He was under the other man's skin. Or he would be.

It had meant that his punishment has conflicted with the visit from the good Doctor Lecter, something he was sure would have annoyed the other no end, so at least there was a small victory to come of this.

Will groaned as the sound of the metal lock beckoned him to freedom. Well, at the very least a slightly bigger cell and the prospect of sunlight and a shower.

Matthew Brown stood wide toothy grin plastered across his face as he took in the deshelled prisoner before him, hair out of place, beard untamed, wild blue eyes calculating as they ran across the Alpha. Matthew remained wilfully ignorant of the fixed glare he was receiving in return for some much needed chivalry.

"I brought fresh towels."

Will softened his stare, to play his part. He just wanted to be clean of his own grime, and playing along with the cleverly crafted rouse of a relationship he had with Mr. Brown was the

best way to get a warm meal and some fresh uniform. “Thank you.” He muttered, casting eyes down in an act of submission as he shuffled tiered limbs towards the door. “No cuffs?”

“I’m more than capable of handling you.” The orderly purred into his ear, before the pair fell into step along the prison hallways towards the shower block.

When Will entered the room, he saw his reflection in the mirror for what seemed like the first time in months. He wasn’t quite sure of who the person staying back at him was. He’d never been particularly caring about his appearance, but there tired and pathetic reflection looking back at him made him angry.

This wasn’t who he was.

He wasn’t going to lose himself in here.

Fingers carded through greasy curls, trying to tame them before he was joined in the reflection by Mathew coming to stand behind him, a arm looping around his middle, pulling him in close. “Let’s get you looking pretty again, hm?”

Charming, Will thought. Stepping away from the other, and pealing himself out of his overalls he waddled over to the cubicles, trying not to slip on the wet tiled floor.

Dignity be damned. It was just the pair of them alone in the block, and he imagined that Matthew had insured they wouldn’t be disturbed for the foreseeable future by any other guards of prisoners.

Striding into one of the booths he allowed a moan to release from his lips as the warm shower spray hit his skin.

So lost in the act of soaping himself up and washing the suds away he missed what the other man was saying, while he hung his head in the stream of water, forehead pressed against the cool tile, droplets trickling down his back. “What?”

“I said that I listened back to the conversation Chilton had with you.” Matthew said, voice deeper than it usually was.

“I don’t want to talk about it.”

“I do.” Short. Direct. Dominant. Will lifted his head to look over at the Alpha, who was leering protectively nearby.

No. Wait. Not quite protective… Possessive?

“I’m not about to let Dr. Chilton touch me, if that’s what you’re worried about.” He said reassuringly, deciding to lather himself up again, just to stay in the stream a little longer. A hand came out to stop his actions…

Guarding uniform slowly becoming see through as the water cascaded over the pair, Mathew joined Will in the shower, making the Omega turn to face him. Two fingers hooked under Will’s chin to force the profiler to look up, while the other hand curled tightly around one

wrist. “You’re mine, and I would do anything in my power to protect you. Anything at all.” He leaned in, water now sliding down his face. “I would kill for you.”

Will’s eyes searched for the lie in those words and found none, a smile creeping over his face before he could catch it. It would be easy to tell his brain that this was just the effects of limited physical contact and proximity to a familiar Alpha… but it wasn’t that. He enjoyed the power that came with that promise.

Someone willing to murder for him.

It was a turn on.

In a way he wasn’t willing to further examine should his thoughts be consumed with Hannibal bloody Lecter and how much more of a predator the other Alpha was. The promise of danger and death delicately entwined with break taking Ripper masterpieces...

Will crashed their lips together in a biting kiss. “Really?” He breathed, pushing his naked form up against the clothed body of his guard, rolling hips to create some friction.

A growl rumbled out. “Anyone that dares to touch you will have me to answer to.” Matthew started mouthing down Will’s neck, with licks and kisses. Their scents mingling as the shower spray forced droplets to fall and be lapped up.

Will’s fingers found their way into Mathews hair, tugging and trying to direct the other down to his knees only to receive a cruel chuckle in answer. “I need…”

The Alpha cut him off. “You have an appointment. Chilton wants to see you in his office and I need to change.”

Will rolled his hips, steadily growing erection demanding attention as the pair fumbled around like prepubescent teenagers, hands and mothers just romancing over any flesh available. “But I’ll smell like you.”

Before he got lost in the moment, the Alpha pulled Will out of the shower, throwing the fresh towel at him before deciding to lick up the frustrated brunette’s neck one more time in a teasing motion that made Will’s knees threaten to buckle.

Christ, he needed to get off.

Hannibal would never leave him high and dry when he was so willingly offering himself up… No. He shook his head of those thoughts before looking back.

The Alpha grinned at him, something that didn’t quite meet his eyes, but words that fell with a warning that wasn’t intended. “People should know who you belong to, Will.”

Chapter End Notes

I mean… we all know who you belong to Will. It’s Hannibal.

Prisoner Pavydus

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The combined scents of Alpha and Omega clung to Will's skin as he was marched back up to Chilton's office. Matthew had handed his care over to one of the other orderlies. This meant Will found himself shackled around the ankles and wrists as the nervous man escorting kept fingers close to his pocket, where a needle awaited to make Will more compliant, should he get any ideas.

It felt good to be feared.

The fake tittering laugh of the general administrator's office was cutting, and entirely unwelcome on Will's waning patience.

A week alone in a solitary cell was doing nothing for his ~~usually brilliant~~ people skills.

Biting back the growl growing in his own throat the guard escorting him rasped knuckles on the wooden frame, both waiting while the office door was swung open by Frederick, face painted with a smug grin as he began bragging about his latest success with a fellow inmate.

Gesturing for Will to go and sit on the chair and shooing away his accompanying jailer, the Omega complied, restraints dragging across the floor as he moved to unceremoniously throw himself into the offered chair, trying to ignore how exaggerated Chilton's accomplishments were becoming to the poor person down the phone.

Lazy eyes began roaming the other man's desk, just so he had something else to draw his focus. They fell upon the diary, with a pencilled in lunch With Hannibal. Tomorrow. Hm. Interesting.

Fingers appeared in front of his face. Clicking. To draw his attention. Like he was a dog… Perhaps Will ought to bite them. Sink his teeth into the flesh and jerk his head away.

"I'm just handing you over now." Chilton said, as his phone was thrust towards a confused Will. "You have ten minutes."

Will took the phone, pressing it to his ear as he watched Frederick leave the office in what could only be described as unprecedented respect for privacy.

Working out it must have been Hannibal, even before he heard the voice, Will rolled his eyes, straightening himself in the chair and preparing for the metal chess match.

What he heard next was very unexpected. It was the equivalent of someone running in and flipping the entire chess board over, sending pieces flying and Will's mind reeling to catch up with what he was hearing.

Alana Bloom. In the background. Saying goodbye. To Hannibal. Then the sound of a kiss. A peck. Short. Sweet. Familiar. Too familiar.

Will's blood boiled with rage.

"What?" Came the curt, clipped tone.

"William." Hannibal chided, a light amused curl around the name. "It's customary to begin with a greeting."

Snorting Will added "You suffered a conversation with Chilton simply to lecture me on proper etiquette? If you were going to be making yourself suffer you should have asked for more. Maybe get me to call you *Sir*. Or *Alpha*." Jealousy was clearly clouding his judgment and he needed to get it together.

But his words and soft country twang had an effect on Hannibal as the Alpha let a content rumble emanate from his side of the phone. "Either of which I encourage, perhaps it may demonstrate success in your rehabilitation."

"I would argue since my incarceration I've got much worse."

"I am so sorry to hear that you find yourself troubled, Will. Can I offer you a space speak freely?"

"Like of the meat in the meal you sent?" The slight pause on the end of the line, followed by the sigh that made Will smile. Point to him.

"I was rather unsatisfied with the acidic aftertaste, myself. Fear of the living flesh does always tend to taint the meat."

"They're still alive?"

"A cruel practice, but necessary. Was the source not a consideration when you filled yourself with what I so willingly gave." Hannibal's tone dripped with cruelty as he stole the rug from under Will. Any advantage the Omega felt he had was slowly being pulled away as once more Hannibal revealed his hand.

"Don't say it like that."

"Tell me your thoughts."

"I've had better." Will lied.

There was a chuckle on the line, reserved for Will when he did something particularly unexpected. "I doubt it, but I admire your spirit." 'I admire you' was left unsaid, hanging in the space between them.

"Why are they still alive? It's not your taste to be unethical in your consumption."

“Isn’t it?” He was being played with. The predator batting around it’s prey before deciding it’s fate.

Will swallowed. “Point taken.”

“I imagine you’ll spend your evening thinking of a way to plead for their release.” There was vulnerability in those words, a promise from Hannibal that if Will wished it he would always try his best to accommodate the other's wishes, despite the effort and energy it would take. Despite the personal risk to himself.

Eyes glancing to the door, wondering if Chilton was listening in, it was answered with vulnerability of his own as he quietly asked, “Would you listen?”

“I will grant you anything your heart desires, if I am convinced you would sacrifice it to me.”

“You’re visiting me tomorrow?”

“Yes, I hear you have been otherwise occupied.”

Laughter at the double entendre, Will refused to let Hannibal in on the hidden meaning behind his words. Skin still smelling of Matthew as he spoke with someone who was asking for his heart… he was defiantly occupied. Body and brain. Not by to the same person. “I’m being take care of.”

“I’m pleased to hear that. I would so hate to imagine you *suffering*.” Hannibal drew out the last word, into a lustful purr. Sadist. Suffering was exactly what he was imaging.

“At anyone other person's hand.”

“You imagine me to be so possessive over you that only I might bring you pain?”

Will knew the other would be sat there, with a smile on his lips, one that answered Will’s own. It was their sick little inside joke. “Pain. Pleasure. All the same to you. I think you’re so possessive the idea of sharing my mind with anyone else makes you angry.”

“Does Frederick not frolic through the memories of your past, looking for the cause of such distrust?”

“You’re right, both you and Chilton are equally capable psychiatrists.”

There was a long angry pause, where Will imagined the other’s person suit slip for a second before the tight lipped answer came. “I would be inclined to agree, Will.”

The Omega found himself laughing cruelly, sitting back in the chair and stretching out. “He’s not recoding this.”

“You’re bribing one of the guards so you might hear my voice? First the meal, now the need for a conversation. Should I view this as acceptance of my desire to court you?”

Will almost fell out of the chair he had premature perched on victoriously. “Fuck you, Hannibal.”

“You will have to beg. Perhaps weave it into your argument for the pig. It certainly makes any request you’re making all the more tempting.”

“Being so blatant in my manipulation would work?”

“You were attempting subtlety?”

“If sex was enough to keep you sweet I wouldn’t be here...” There was a pause that grew between them. An unspoken conversation. Will ran his hand over his growing beard and sighed. This wasn’t about sex. This was about love.

In answer, as if Hannibal had heard his thoughts in the silence between them he found words of praise. “Clever boy. Tomorrow.”

Before the call could end Will jumped in to ask “Will you shave me?”

“It would be my pleasure.”

“Say hello to Alana for me.”

Chapter End Notes

Awh, did y’all think I was just gonna let you grieve Bev in peace? She’s allllliiiiive. We’re talking about a Miriam Lass situation going on. Isn’t Hannibal nice giving Will a chance to save her?

The Body Between Us

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Strong hands ran purposefully along her body. Teasing the skin as Goosebumps formed under the light caress. Holding her against soft sheets, sweet moans as delicate words and heavy breathes echoed around the room, calling an answering one another. Bodies sliding together in a sensual display. Seeking pleasure. Seeking connection. Growing closer. Groaning. Moaning. “Hannibal.” The female voice sang. “Alana.” Came the familiar accented answer.

Will woke suddenly, sitting bolt upright in his bed, eye struggling to adjust to the light in his cell.

He much preferred the dreams of blood and chaos over the haunting images of his two friends sharing intimate moments.

Morning was a few hours away, as he laid in bed, consumed by the bitter thoughts of belonging.

Anguish twisting at the prospect of losing something he had discarded.

This was typical of Hannibal. Of course the Alpha would do something like this to him. Ruin his life, and then find someone else to occupy his time.

And his bed.

Will didn’t care.

Couldn’t care less who his psychiatrists chose to fuck. Even if it was each other.

Why should he care? He hated Hannibal with every fibre of his being.

They say that about love and hate, though, don’t they? There is a very thin line between the two.

Will Graham has always been exceptional at finding himself flirting between the realities of black and white.

The Omega had always been determined to exist in the grey, not confined by the roles of his secondary gender. It stood to reason that the relationship Hannibal Lecter and Will Graham forged out for each other would be anything but straight forward, wouldn’t it?

Hate fuelled Will’s understanding of monsters, it helped him get in their minds and see them.

So what did love mean to him? In all in unrelenting complexities.

How could love and hate marry themselves together? Twist around each other, in a choking hold where it became indistinguishable.

When did he start losing track of where his feelings ended and Hannibal's started?

After a surprisingly sleepless night in the prison cot, Will's sour mood had transformed from an existential unravelling of all he knew and felt, and instead morphed into a bitterness at Hannibal.

His feelings didn't need to influence the facts. 1. This was all the Chesapeake Ripper's fault. 2. The man currently had some poor person kidnapped simply to torment Will further. 3.He was sleeping with Alana Bloom, which made the first two action not a twisted act of love but simply part of a game.

One in which Will was determined to start winning.

Chapter End Notes

You know, if these boys would just talk to each other a lot of heartache would be avoided.

I split the next chapter into two and it'll come with CW-ing, so prepare yourself, the tea cup needs to break before it can come back together.

Wash Away Your Sins

Chapter Notes

Chapter Warning (CW/TW) for Torture : This Chapter also contains mentions of a waterboarding/simulated drowning – as will the next chapter. If any of these themes are not for you then please skip, it will hopefully make sense without, but you can always ask in the comments.

Guess who's back, back again... My best friend convinced me to finish the rest of this story and not let people online kill my creative outlet by bringing down the vibe. For all of y'all that left nice comments and supported this story, thank you <3 It's been a rough year and it means a lot.

ʃ つ ◕_◕ ʅ つ Bon Appétit

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Joy and anticipation has settled itself in Hannibal's core as he made the drive from his home to Baltimore State Hospital, in which his love had been confined.

Temporarily.

He was already working alongside Alana on gathering evidence to support Will's release… Into his custody and supervision, supported by input by Dr. Bloom to avoid any conflict of interest, but provide a supportive environment for Will to thrive in his recovery.

Or discovery, if Hannibal had any say in the matter

In good spirits since their phone call yesterday he was looking forward to taking in Will again, although memories of their time together remained tucked away in a wing of his mind palace, to visit increasingly frequently, he found himself listless without constant contact from the other.

It even made the ordeal of spending more time with Frederick seem pleasant, if only for the sway it allowed him over his visits with Will.

As the Bentley rolled into a parking space, Hannibal's fingers danced across the leather shaving kit he had been requested to bring.

As the Alpha climbed out of the car he ticked the leather pouch into his blazer and moved to retrieve lunch and another care package and a few towels. A final check of his deep crimson

with gold embroidery suit and he was making his way inside to be reunited with the Special Agent Graham.

After a brief and less than enjoyable meal with Dr Chiton Hannibal was being led to the same room the pair had shared a meeting in previously, although this time a metal table didn't separate them, instead Will Graham was tried down to a chair, restrained at his wrists and ankles.

Delicious.

Hungry eyes took in the Omega while a nervous guard fumbled with the locks, the door now the only thing preventing their reunion. "Have… You been searched, mister?"

"Doctor." He corrected. "And I have. Doctor Chilton has also been made aware of the purpose of this visit and approved."

Hannibal may need to request this man's card if he took much longer with a simple task.

"Got it. If you, uh, need anything, anything at all I'll be just down the hall. Careful with him, yeah?"

Tight lipped smile drawing across his features, he thanked the orderly when the door was finally released, and the misguided words of warning headed, he walked inside for a long overdue meeting with Will.

Thick, fluttering lashes met him, with a knowing smile by way of greeting as he walked into the room. Will shifting in his seat and trying to sit up, despite the restraints holding him in place.

Clearly they had learnt from the last time. One too many locks picked.

"Doctor Lecter." The Omega greeted enticingly, willing Hannibal to step further into the room. "I'd offer you a seat but…" He looked around at the otherwise furniture-less place, bar the metal table with a bowl of cold water on top of it, before meeting the Alpha's eye once more.

Each time his maroon met with sky blue, Hannibal could feel his breath catch in his throat. It was such a rare privilege to behold such beauty.

"I believe that may be my fault, I requested you be unmasked for this."

Will simply chomped his teeth together, before huffing a laugh. "Brave."

"Wishful thinking. Though given quite how untamed you've allowed your facial hair to become I imagine devouring me wouldn't come without the unfortunate accompanying rash. I prefer my Omega's clean shaven. [1]"

"Wait. You. A traditionalist? I would never imagine." The sarcastic tone was wonderful to hear. Such venom dripping into Will's words. From anyone else they would lose their tongue.

In the other man, Hannibal simply found it endearing. “Let me guess, you also enjoy your mate’s chained to the kitchen sink?”

“Chained, yes.”

“Lucky me.” He pulled at the bonds that held him down, but that wasn’t what caught the Ripper’s interest. Rather than sarcasm Will’s words were drooling with insecurity and pain. Will was angry with him over and imagined slight. Not the incarceration. This was a different kind of anger.

Wonderful.

Unaware of how exposed his one sentence has made him Will continued on petulantly when Hannibal forwent giving an answer in favour of readying a shaving kit, brows furring in an adorable sulk.

“I can see you have something you wish to discuss with me, Will.” Hannibal mused, back turned to the other as skilled surgical hands went about preparing his tools for the task. As expected his probing went unanswered.

As he turned, straight razor gleaming under the florescent strip lighting of the room, Hannibal eyed the other, before placing it beside the bowl in favour of picking up the entire table and moving it closer.

Silent feet moved behind Will as he unapologetically lean in and deeply inhale the other’s scent.

Will had stilled, clearly concerned with the proximity and invasion of his personal space. “Stop sniffing me!” He yelped, squirming in the chain in a fruitless attempt to put some distance between them.

Hannibal’s’ hand reached out and coiled around the other’s neck, holding him still in place as he leaned in once more to really memorise the offending scent that mixed with Will’s own.

Mr. Brown.

His nails began to dug into Will’s flesh, as the Omega hissed in pain, but otherwise remained as still as possible in the choking hold. “I…”

Should anyone walk in now they would be met with someone very far from the perfectly constructed persona Hannibal ha woven for himself. Dark eyes were showing a fiery fury, hand twisting around Will’s neck as he inhaled ***his Omega*** deeply, the sweet and addictive scent curled around someone’s putrid odor, nose pressing against where a bond bite should prominently be displayed.

Hannibal allowed a growl to rumble from his chest, Will answering with a short whine. Not genuine fear. At least not yet.

Simply biology.

There was the clear smell of panic coming from the other. Blood began to drip from where his nails had pressed into soft flesh.

Betrayal.

Mine.

The fact Will had tried to cover his shame was even more distasteful. The smell of soap and signs of scrubbing, mixed with the general aroma of the hospital was all designed to throw Hannibal's scenes off.

Any lesser Alpha would have been fooled.

Another deep breath in, and Will's hand were pulling up against the chair arms, trying to free himself as his oxygen starved brain began to fight past the façade of cool and plead for survival.

Hannibal let go.

Depp gasping breaths filling the room, as the Doctor straightened. He ran a hand lightly through Will's hair, soothing and petting the damp curls of the other. "Shall we begin?"

"Hannibal, I-"

Quickly Hannibal moved, pulling the hand towel from the table, that he was going to use for the wet shave and instead deciding he didn't wish to hear these lies any longer. Hand squeezing the pressure points in Will's jaw, causing it to fall open, he shoved the material inside by way of a make shift gag, making it near impossible for the other to scream.

At least to the level anyone would notice and bother to check.

Moving around to now face Will he was met with a hateful glare. Hannibal began unbuttoning his jacket, strong and controlled motions before folding it up and placing it in the far corner. Each movement in the knowledge that Will was watching him.

Next he slowly rolled up his sleeves, revealing muscular, hair dusted forearms.

They held each other's gaze for a beat. Hannibal standing strong and menacing across the room, suit pooling red and gold on the floor, while the man's eyes seemed to dance with the same colour spectrum.

Although he smelt afraid, Will was looking at him. Pink lips and teeth biting around the gag, trying to work the knot out that had been tied into it and shoved violently into his mouth.

Blood was still leaking down from the angry nail mark littered along the pale expanse of his neck.

It was the calm before the storm.

He was looking at far worse than death.

Hannibal felt god like as he purposefully moved back towards the Omega, giving no sign of the impending until…

Will's chair was jerked back suddenly, blue eyes defiantly glaring back at Hannibal. The ripper supporting the weight of the Omega with one arm, hand clamping around the top of the chair, while the other moved gracefully across the remaining items on the table.

Like playing an instrument they danced through the space between the objects and the air before coming to pause above another towel.

Will started shaking his head, muffled sounds working their way out from behind the gag. Feet, now off the ground, as the chair was tilted back, doing their best to kick out.

Hannibal coldly took in the sight below him. In any other situation he would enjoy the display of resistance in the face of a clear threat, but Will had disappointed him one too many times.

This wasn't about sedating his burning passion, but rather rectifying the betrayal.

Will would learn and be his.

Laying the towel over the other's blue eyes, the profiler thrashed, trying to get the rag to fall from his face, denying the inevitable.

Fingers worked their way into Will's hair, yanking on the stands and holding the other still in a violent and painful grip.

Muffled noises were still coming out from the gag, and Will flailed in his restraints.

Hannibal leaned forward, taking a few seconds to share a tender moment, leaning in place a small kiss to the exposes bit of forehead… before picking up the bowl of water and beginning to pour.

Chapter End Notes

1 Sherlock quote "I prefer my doctor's clean shaven."

What's a little waterboarding between friends… Right? Hannibal is pissed off, poor Will is going to pay.

I don't know what kind of establishment Chilton is running here, but come the heck on dude. You have a prolific serial killer torturing someone in one of your 'therapy rooms'. (If you feel like this isn't in character, Hannibal was literally cracking cannibal jokes to the FBI, sure as shootin' he'd be down for this nonsense.)

I really do love Will. (ó﹏ò。) And the bois are gonna get together!

Broken Baptism

Chapter Summary

> **Chapter Warning (CW/TW) for Torture :** This Chapter also contains mentions of a waterboarding/simulated drowning. If any of these themes are not for you then please skip, it will hopefully make sense without, but you can always ask in the comments.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Spluttering for breath and gasping for air Will coughed trying to clear the feeling of burning from his lungs as the soaking rag was pulled from his mouth. A calming hand rubbed delicately against his back, coaxing him to relax. It was soon joined by soft praises.

“Such a good boy.”

His hair and uniform were now dripping onto the floor, as he slumped into the chair.

He wanted to cry. Or maybe he was crying. Between his body trying to regulate, the still looming threat of death, his brain screaming several different and conflicting messages at him and Hannibal having the *audacity* to comfort him after just waterboarding him… Will was most certainly crying.

Trembling soon followed as his adrenaline and cortisol crashed around his system.

Or was he cold from the soaking he’d received? The clothes seemed to cling to every part of him, as ragged breaths moved his chest up and down.

His head was directed backwards by the Doctor, raw wrists and ankles finally beginning to sting from the struggling and fiction trying to free himself had caused, he looked over to the other; Silently watching as Hannibal went about picking up the shaving cream and brush before applying it to Will’s checks.

“Why?” A raspy voice left him, coughing to punctuation the question as the hands that had just inflicted great torment now worked skilfully to apply a clearly expensive facial foam, careful to avoid the parts of Will’s neck that now had nail marks clawed into them.

“Dry shaving will be terribly unconfutable with the amount of growth here, Will. Mouth closed.”

He did as instructed, pushing his lips together as Hannibal instructed, pliant and exhausted.

The Alpha above him seemed to be enjoying the state. Fingers even coming up to wipe away the tears that were threatening to fall, with the soft pad of a thumb.

“You know that wasn’t what I was asking.” Will said, again watching as Hannibal moved back to the table, depositing the other items before picking up the straight razor.

Will wasn’t stupid enough to jump to the assumption that this meant death. That was surely a kindness the other man wasn’t capable of.

Delicate hands came back, brushing Will’s wet fringe from his forehead, after a soft peck was pressed to the skin, for a moment the Doctor stood playing with the stands. “You aren’t unaware of the consequences of your perfidious.”

Will slowly blinked. Looking at Hannibal. Really looking at him. Closing his eyes, surrendering his safety over to whatever Hannibal wished for the moment, he allowed the pendulum to swing.

“No matter what I do with you, it will not sedate my need in the same way having other’s suffer by my hand does.” Will speaks to the room, looking down at himself as he slowly begins to bring the blade across his skin. “There is no salvation in the chaos you introduce, as I don’t seek to control it. Yet, I crave it. This reminds me of something in my past.” Will paused brows furrowing together as he made a mental note to revisit that revelation. “Until I possess your mind, body and soul I will not rest… but in return I offer you mine. We are two hearts, seeking belonging in our shared understanding, the solace of being truly known. You will be mine. To worship. You will be mine. To destroy. ***Mine***.”

Will blinks. Coming back into himself as he looks up to Hannibal, who is smiling in awe down at the other, blade still sliding across the hair and skin as he shapes Will’s beard.

“That’s not love.” Will muses more to himself than the other, as he tried to shake the stroll he’d just taken through the man’s mind. “Threatening to destroy me, unless I surrender all that I am to you. You don’t just want to take my life, Hannibal, you want to … to… ”

“Be seen.”

“No! Stop acting like this is some love story! You’re a fucking psychopath with no capacity for love or basic human connection!” His anger finally bubbled to the surface, spilling over as he harshly spoke. “You just water boarded me, you actual monster. Ow.”

Having wiped off the cream and hair, Hannibal had just pressed the blade into a Will’s forehead, the same place that had ghosts a kiss not too long ago, before pulling the silver across and slightly slicing it open. (1) [1] The blood began drooling from the wound, Hannibal gathering it on the blade before he brought it to his mouth, tongue sliding across in what really shouldn’t have been such an erotic display.

Will wished he could cross his legs, or at least that his damp clothes weren’t perfectly outlining his form.

Bloodied lips breaking into a smile, at the sweet scent of Omega arousal filling the space between them, Hannibal held eye contact with Will as he allowed himself to step free of the person suit.

Will's Adam apple bobbed as he swallowed hard. He thought he was about to be kissed, not questioned, and he certainly wasn't prepared when Hannibal asked him "Are you a killer for pointing out a victim?"

"What?"

"If I am so deplorable for my actions, are you not as bad as me for willingly letting little lambs wonder into the slaughter?" Hannibal was back to cryptic questions and finishing up the close shave.

This had to be about the scent. A threat at Matthew, and a chance to prove that Will was just as bad as a killer, even if he wasn't the one with blood on his hands. "You don't get to be possessive over me."

Hannibal hummed, the blade curling over Will's Adam's apple, hand possessively holding his chin back. ***"You're mine."***

"You're fucking Alana." Will spat out through gritted teeth. Yes, that was the problem here. Not the exceptionally unhealthy obsession, tendency for violence, or any of the other messed up things happening between them… The fact Hannibal was fucking someone else and still trying to tell Will who he could spread his legs for was hypocrisy at it's finest and right now, the most pressing issue.

"We were compiling documents for your case."

Woops.

Jealousy dissipated, and slight relief that their friend was safe from this madness, well, as safe as possible all things consider, Will scrambled for a way to backtrack. "I'm not yours."

"If you think this is the best tactic to help your friend, you are sorely mistaken." A threat. Clear. And not about Matthew, Hannibal wouldn't acknowledge anything more than a sexual relationships between Will and anyone else, because that would mean what they shared wasn't special.

"What?" Mind still fogged by the simulated drowning, confusing arousal, and general cryptic conversation led by the Doctor he had completely forgotten about the person Hannibal had asked him to beg for. To save. A friend.

"You so carelessly push people into the path of the Ripper, yet seem to want to absolve yourself on any wrongdoing." Hannibal was smiling at Will, watching as the penny dropped and the dawning realisation ignited a whole new torrent of emotions in Will.

<u>Beverly</u>.

Hannibal was far too calm.

Decisive.

Set.

He'd decided her fate.

This was all Will's fault!

Selfish.

Stupid.

"Hannibal, no. Please." Will pulls against his restrained, voice wobbling, wrists protesting from the previous injuries.

"Don't move, William. " A rough hand knotted into his curls and held him still, as Hannibal admired his handwork.

"I didn't mean to…"

"This is exactly what you meant to happen." The words were cutting as they rang true. He had meant to hurt Hannibal, had meant to say those things, had meant for people to see the truth… but not this. Not Beverly. Not his friend.

"No."

"You signed her death certificate."

"Please. You don't have to do this. I'm sorry." Will begging, desperately trying to do anything to get the Alpha to look at him. But Hannibal had started busying himself with constructing signs of a struggle. A way to explain the state Will would be returning in.

"You mourn your own loss."

A last ditch attempt fell from his lips, a clumsy confession, a negotiation with jarring truth and desperation. "I still love you. Do this for me. I'll do anything you want. We can run away together."

There was a pause from behind him, the special agent trying to crane his neck to see. "I can't trust you, Will. Nor do I see any need to."

This couldn't be happening.

"Hannibal. Please. Please. You can't… Wait!" Will was getting more and more desperate as the other man made himself look dishevelled, using Will's blood to coat his own shirt. The doctor crossed to the door, with frantic banging moving back to Will's side freeing one hand of the Omega.

Foolishly and playing right into Hannibal's game, Will reached out for him, free hand scrambling to make the other stay. Twisting into his tie and holding on. Anything that would

prevent the ripper going anywhere near Beverly.

Everything seemed to be moving too fast and too slowly all at the same time.

“You can’t do this!”

Hannibal leaned in, breathe ghosting across the shell of Will’s ear as he simply said “I can.” It was a low and dark rumble.” Hannibal tucked a curl behind Will’s ear, pausing to admire the other squirm, signing at the loss of their connection. “I’m a psychopath, William. A sadist, not a masochist. I lack the capacity for basic human connection and love. ”

This was a break up? He was cutting all ties. Walking away. Using Will’s own words against him as he’d hurt Hannibal, and now Hannibal was going to hurt him.

Quickly turning his head Will pulled the Alpha into a kiss, clashing his lips against the other man’s in the hopes it was enough to do what his words seemed incapable of. Build bridges as the burned beneath him.

The next thing he heard was feet running into the room, and the scared guard who spent most of his time around Will with fingers fumbling over a syringe of sedative was finally given the perfect opportunity to use it.

As his vision started to blur in his corners and his voice was horse from screaming for someone to stop Hannibal, he realised the perfect picture he painted.

A unhinged, neurotic Omega, fighting his binds, to kiss an Alpha before accusing him of a murder that was yet to happen.

The medication started making his head heavy, body limp, the last thing he heard carried across the frantic questions as more people joined the chaos of the room. “He’s a monster.”

Chapter End Notes

1 Yes in the same place that Hanni cut Will’s head open.

The Tale Of The Teacup - Part One

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It was the 8th of September, a Tuesday.

Will knew.

From the second he heard the echoing of feet scuffing their way down the corridor a pit was forming in his throat, making it hard for him to swallow.

Will knew what death sentence he had signed for his friend and this was death's messenger.

He didn't think he could cry anymore. For the last two weeks he'd spent the majority of his time sobbing on his cot, distress clinging to him, suffocating him, until cries rippled dryly through his body.

This was doing nothing to disprove the hypothesis of Omega Hysteria, but it was affording him a lot of sympathy and concern from those around him. Even Miggs had taken to trying to comfort the distressed Omega, whispering soft words in the night in an attempt to prevent the desperate shudders reaping his form.

Each day Will had called Hannibal, left pleading messages, written letters.

He'd told anyone that would listen. Not that anyone would listen. The reason Beverly was missing, the reason the Ripper had taken her, the reason she would soon be…

Jack appeared at Will's cell. He looked tired, the kind of tired no amount of sleep would cure. Shoulders hung heavy, bloodshot eyes ringed with dark bags, a case file gripped creasing-ly between his digits.

"We need to talk." Jack said solemnly, he handed the file through the slot in the cell, watching as Will took it, the two sharing a mutual understanding of what it contained without having to utter the words needed.

Will started down at the file in his hand. At the moment he was suspended in a state of knowing, but not seeing. Opening the pages, revealing the design of the Chesapeake Ripper made it all real.

Time felt like it had paused, silent tears flowed down his face, hands shaking with the unopen file.

"Will…" Came Jack's gentle tone, one he was unfamiliar in hearing from his employer.

“It’s my fault.” Will said, blue eyes piercing into Jacks, looking for something to anchor himself to so he felt less adrift.

This was it, the teacup shattering, the moment he could look back and say he felt every single fabric of himself snap under the strain of this new reality.

Chapter End Notes

The next chapter has graphic mentions of the murder so CW. If any of these themes are not for you then please skip, it will hopefully make sense without, but you can always ask in the comments.

Gonna double update - Happy New Year, y'all! <3

Swan Song

Chapter Notes

> **CW: This chapter has explicit mentions of murder. If any of these themes are not for you then please skip, it will hopefully make sense without, but you can always ask in the comments.**
>
> This is a love letter to Hannibal as a show and Beverly, who will now (especially in this fic) and always deserve much better.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Stealing himself Will opened the file, graphic images Beverly Katz murder met his eyes, crime scene photos stripping her of any dignity, coroner's reports dehumanising and over clinicalsing the violent revenge killing of their colleague, their friend.

This was the first time he has stopped crying, forcing a cold indifference to wash over him so he could do this for Beverly. See her one last time.

To apologies.

To say goodbye to his friend.

Fingers traced delicately over the printed images, he sighed, looking over to Jack, the man offering a curt nod of reassurance, as Will let the pendulum swing.

"Hello Mrs. Katz." Will spoke, softly, looking at the women he had sedated on a metal slab, bandaged middle with a slight wash of blood seeping through the white. "Beverly." He added with a shaky breath"

Will let his hand trace along the binds. "I took something from you." It was a delicious gift, his mind supplied, and his stomach lurched, bile building in his throat at the taste of the Pappardelle that now seemed to coat his taste buds.

He remembered how his tongue has danced across his fingers, pushing the meat into his wonton mouth, swallowing without a care when he's been in the dark.

In the dark while Beverly had found the light. "This is me showing you compassion, allow you to respite from pain because I wish to appease my lover. Show my humanity while I share my authentic self. Do you see me now?"

Will asked the question more angrily, as he wrapped a hand around the unconscious forms throat "You did this." Blinking down he was looking at himself. Hand sinking into the flesh of his own windpipe, rage, pain, anger, squeezing the resentment into his own form.

He looked back at Beverly. Laying there. Still.

“I bring you back to me, while I push you away.” Will mused, hands moving to the drip bag pumping chemicals into the sedate form on the table. He pulled the tube free, letting the drug drip onto the floor.

“You’ll be awake again soon enough. I move to prep the scene, pull out the materials I’ll need and the move you. A lump of clay to mould. I put you on your front on the table, so I can begin sewing. I take the beautiful plumage of delicate feathers I’ve crafted into wings and make incisions in your shoulder blades so I can attach them to you.

You have time before this pain reaches your mind, your body is currently disconnected from the torment of my art. With skilled hands I sew them to your back, the blood drooling from the fresh cuts, dripping onto the wings and staining them with a messy crimson.”

With great ease Will picks the limp body up, wings draping to the floor, the limp bone structure and feathers trailing upon the floor, painting the striped where I deposit you. Kneeling down he brushes her hair from her face before beginning the next part.

“With a scalpel I make long cuts along the side of your mouth, splitting the delicate flesh there as I care out a smile, before I suture your mouth shut with a golden thread. You know my secret, this is to silence you. For now.”

Will stands over the body gathering more materials and bringing them to rest besides. “I add to you a crown of Beladona and feathers. I weave your hair into it, I fuse you with the symbolism, strip you of yourself as you become a part of my piece.

Working quickly I begin the next phase. Still being delicate, you still deserve respect for the unwilling sacrifice you’re making. I loop finishing hooks across your wings and sink them into your skin before I begin hoisting you to the rigging I created. It will keep you suspended just on the tips of your toes while I finish the scene.”

Will takes a step back, bloody hands looking at the dangling body of his friend. “You look beautiful.” He mused, to himself. Where he began and the Ripper ended was so uncertain. Their minds seemed so entwined and inescapably linked.

He was both prideful and disgusted in himself.

“I cut away the bandages, leaving you bare to the world for a moment, your beauty one of ancient times, a remedy for your sores, I coat your fresh wounds drooling them in honey, your sweetness seeping out with your life. I wrap you in a silk white cloth, sewing it so it hangs delicately across your bleeding form.”

Moving away he waited, watching, the struggled breath coming to the women as life began to animate her painted movements, the bounds limiting any thrashing or restrictions.

“I make eye contact with you, see the fear cross your face, the acceptance, the pain.” Will gulps. “Bev.” He just wants to hold her, reach out across the divide and provide his friend with comfort. “Bev… I….”

She shakes her head at him. Hanging it with a subsistence. As he goes to reach out, his hands instead bring up a bow and arrow. “Bev, no!” Will says, his own arms pulling back the string, aiming true and straight, the pained screams and sobs of his victim filling the air, the smell of blood and a sickly sweet scent mixing and making him want to gag. “I’m sorry, I’m sorry!” Will is pleading, his actions unstoppable, as he releases the sting, the arrow shoots forward, striking Beverly right through the heart. “BEV!” It stop her pain, it was a kindness of sorts. Cruel to make her witness. Play God. Gloat. Kind to end it sooner.

“I… I….” Will can feel someone flawing at his mind as he tries to ground himself. Finish this. For Bev. His friend. Oh fuck, his friend. His friend. He did this. This is his fault.

Reassuring arms wrap around him, holding him steady and breathing in his scent. “Breathe.” Comes the Alpha’s order, taking a deep breath in the strong scent of Hannibal pulls his mind to a still form of peace. “Good boy.” Hannibal hums, wrapping Will up in warm embrace, hands gliding over his sides to calm the other.

“Have you considered spending more time at your river bank than allowing Uncle Jack to throw you so cruelly into harm’s way?”

Will sobs into Hannibal’s shoulder. “You are harm.”

“I am.” The man agrees, taking accountability nonchalantly. “As are you.” Will pulls back, looking into the maroon eyes. “You are becoming.”

“Becoming what?”

The Alpha doesn’t answer, just hold’s Will’s blood coated hands, in his own larger ones, before bringing them up to his lips, tongue darting out to suckle at the mix of blood and honey, humming in appreciation. “Divine.”

Will smiles to himself, turning back to look at Beverly with open eyes.

“I am not done yet.” He stalks back across the room to meet her, taking hold of a delicate wrist, and turns it over. “I cut out your scent gland, this is not to humiliate you, this is a message for someone else.

It will take me several more hours to finish this scene.”

Time shifts forward to the finished piece, Will stands and looks at his work.

Beverly Katz is suspended from elaborate wires that are hooked into her skin using fishing lures, handcrafted and much like Will’s own.

Beautiful white feather wings stretch out behind her, dripping in blood onto the pool on the floor, this isn’t an imitation, it’s something new.

Romantic.

The swan.

Complimented by the flower crown which has feathers to imitate the headpiece in Swan Lake. The symbolism of love, grace, purity, beauty, sincerity and chastity. Ages ago people have held beliefs that swans were benevolent deities, their images were forged into medallions worn for protection.

Golden thread pulled tether tight lips that drooled blood down her chin and throat. Forever keeping the secret she died to uncover. A bind that offered not only her silence, but a thread that tied the Ripper to all those that knew him. Saw him.

The aroma in the air of honey and blood hung heavy, her body coating in the sticky substance, the silk now perfectly draped along her frame making her look enthral.

The arrow sticking through her heart a direct constant to the white background. An arrow through the heart symbolizes feeling emotionally wounded, scored from romantic love. A dastardly tick played by Cupid brining blind suffering to his intended victims. Anyone shot by Cupid's arrow is filled with uncontrollable desire.

It was a confession within a message. A sign of hurt.

The meaning of who was undeniable. Before Beverly, in a thinly sliced pieces was her scent glad, wrapped from her wrist, it was sliced and preserved between glass.

Stepping further back from the scene you would see a catgut bow and arrow placed on the ground covering sheet music for Verdi *'Addio del passato'* from La Traviata

"This..." voice breaking in the middle as he swallowed back a lump that had formed in his throat "... is my design."

Chapter End Notes

Crimescene countdown:

1.Angel Maker - Wings
2.Buffet Froid – The mouth
3.Futamono - Flowers (Beladona for the heart)
4.?? – Fishing lures to hang up (I can't remember where it is from, I'm pretty sure it's the show, but it may have been fanfiction… I am gonna have to rewatch the whole thing. Oh no)
5.Takiawase – Bees 4 the honey; Honey has also been used as a beauty produce and antiseptic historically.
6.Mukōzuke – Thinly slices human
7.Fromage – Bow using catgut

Verdi 'Addio del passato' from La Traviata is a beautiful piece of opera Violetta is singing her farewell.

I really enjoyed writing this chapter, it was nice to try and pile as many scenes in together and yet give it, it's own definition.

Whispered WReckoning

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

It seemed Chilton had grown bored with his emotionally fragile state and instead elected for forced grief ~~counselling~~ interrogations. As of yet, Will had been unreceptive. He didn't wish to talk about Beverly with someone that had no understanding of what was happening.

Although.

Chilton looked different. Frustrated as he tried to pry into Will's mind and getting nowhere, but also on edge.

Perhaps Chilton was more acutely aware that he was letting on and this new drive to be inquisitive into the insight Will had to share was less about his desire to be published, but a clawing nagging feeling to uncover the truth.

They did say curiosity killed the cat.

On that thought Will was actually rather happy to be having therapy today, perhaps this was an opportunity for some mutual understanding.

Sitting back in one of the cages, arms folded over his chest, waiting for the psychiatrist to turn up the Omega spend some time planning how he might drip feed in enough information to have Chilton to reveal his own hand.

Except when the door opened he was joined by a tall, eloquent blond woman, a beta who held herself like an Alpha, with an all too well put together outfit, red lips and blue eyes that didn't quite meet the small smile on her face.

"I don't give interviews" Will snaps to the stranger and the room, knowing the recordings would be, being listened to eagerly.

"A surprising lack of manners for someone held in such high regard by a mutual friend." She crossed the room gracefully coming to stand in front of Will, evaluating him curiously. " I am Doctor Du Maurier. Call me Bedelia. " She introduced herself, before taking a seat, legs crossing over.

"I think Chilton called dibs on the medical journal." Will said in return.

"I am here to ask a favour, actually."

With a sigh Will uncurled himself from how he had sat and leaned forward to pinch the bridge of his nose. "Why do I get the feeling it's going to be unreasonable and has something to do with Hannibal Lector?"

"Astute, I can see why he likes you."

Will scoffs audibly.

“I come in the hopes you may be able to assist me.” She speaks cryptically, trying to convey the nuance in her message without being too explicit. Hannibal must not know she was here. “I am afraid.” Bedelia pushes the point by leaving far too long of a gap lingering before she continued her sentence. “I am at a loss on how I can help.”

She was here as a friend… A friend who knew about Hannibal’s inner workings enough to be concerned? Oh, Hannibal has a psychiatrist, who is concerned enough to seek out Will. One who has convinced Chilton for an audience? “Doctor.” Will muses.

He receives a nod in confirmation.

She continues. “The sudden loss of someone can have quite the effect. I felt if anyone could empathise… anyone can understand it might be you.” It was supposed to sound like a conversation about Beverly. It was about him. Hannibal was struggling with his loss so much so that his therapist was afraid. “Loss torments us all.”

Will smiled. “I find myself losing quite a lot, I am told it is something you adjust to.”

“Some of us are more accustom to it than others.” Bedelia said.

Like Will should care. So what Hannibal was finally feeling what it meant to lose something, to hurt, to be out of control. It was a state he forced others into continually. “Some of us don’t have a choice.” Will was bitter, angry and offended that she would come here to plead that he try and understand Hannibal Lecter.

“None of us have a choice.” The words were solemn. An ice cold chill whispered behind them with the finality of the message lingering between them. “… But when a forest fire is raging out of control we can hope that someone will have the sense to douse the flames.”

No-one was safe. No-one would be spared. Because of the loss… the loss of Will, Hannibal was burning out of control to the point it scared one of the only other people he probably let see parts of him.

Will remained silent.

“What is it you would do, if you were the one with the bucket?” She pried.

Will laughed, properly laughed, from his gut, erupting out. “Who is to say that I have not already done everything in my power to ensure someone destroys any embers threatening to burn it all down?”

There was a heavy understanding filling the silence between Bedelia and Will. She looked to him with the same eyes she had shared with speaking about her fears over Hannibal.

“I have an admirer.” Will said simply, a shrug. He spoke clearly. “I often think about how far they would do to help me. I think… People think they’re crazy. They’re not crazy. Just different. I don’t think anyone that careful could be crazy, it’s just he doesn’t let many people understand him. He protects them. Protects people who need it most.”

“I understand you've gone through so much. I don't want you to lose sight of who you are.”

“I haven't lost sight of who I am. If anything, I'm coming into focus.”

“I know you feel powerless about what happened and you want to do something about it.” She said, trying to wash humanity back over Will, attempting to unravel the man before her as quickly as possible.

“Would that be so bad?”

“Depends what you're thinking about doing. Unlike loss, there is no solution to grief. “

“Beverly died because of me. Because she listened to me. I won't let that happen again. ***There will be a reckoning.”***

The flames that threatened to burn out of control in one man, licked at Will in that moment. As they died down they both stood watching each other.

Will, for the first time in a while, felt powerful.

To her credit Bedelia filled the space with pleasant and non-committal small talk for a while, winding down the time before she could politely excuse herself and not arouse any suspicion as to why the visit was cut short.

Will felt like he was watching a very talented dancer manovour the conversation between them, without treading on any toes. No doubt a habit picked up from walking the corridors of Hannibal’s mind.

When the time had come for her to depart Bedelia stood with all the grace she had first entered the room. “Thank you for spending some time speaking with me, Mr. Graham. I obviously appreciate the need for discretion on such a delicate subject.”

Will stood as well, in the metal cage, hands coiling around the bars as he asked. “You have every reason to be concerned about him.” It was supposed to be a warning,

One Will hadn’t anticipated argument with, until she hit back with a. “I think perhaps *for* him.”

Chapter End Notes

Who do you think wires the mics?? A lil message for Mr. Brown delivered via Bedelia
Some lines taken from Mukōzuke but originally between Freddie, Will and Alana.

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